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The Front Page

IN the whole world there cannot possibly be another city of Toronto's size containing as many people who cling to the belief that they can get something for nothing, if they keep on trusting and trying.

Two hundred years ago our Indian predecessors in these parts used to exhibit the utmost excitement along the beach when around the Island came the canoes of the French traders, bringing glass beads, brass buttons, and other glittering gew-gaws, for which the pagan Torontonians of that day eagerly exchanged everything of substantial value they possessed. Perhaps the climate at this particular spot is at fault. Be that as it may, those who reside here, red men or white, exhibit a tendency to become Easy Marks. Vendors of glass beads no longer come upon us in canoes through the Eastern Gap, but they get at us as of old, and do us as they did the red man; who toiled weary months in stream and forest gathering a pack of furs that he brought to the Esplanade and traded off to a smooth stranger for a shiny collar button. We do not buy glass beads in these times. But we hearken to the wonder stories of cunning strangers as did the simple aborigines, and hand over to them the solid fruits of our toil in exchange for the products of their imagination. It is the old traffic modernized to suit later conditions. The stranger no longer skims the bay in his birch bark canoe—he advertises in daily newspapers made from spruce logs; but he gets here, just the same, and gathers in our savings. He has fine things to offer us. Great snaps. Wonderful opportunities. He pictures to us mountains of solid gold, solid silver, solid lead, and tells us to speak quick and we can get ten tons of money for ten dollars. Two hundred years ago the gew-gaw man ran some risk of being tomahawked and left on the beach to serve as a crow's picnic. He runs no risk now. All the resources of civilization guard him round about. The newspapers find customers for him; the mails carry tribute to him; the banks handle his deals; the courts enforce settlements for him. The crows scarcely know this country, it has changed so much in two centuries.

It must be a firm belief among us that there are wonderful places away off—places where there are oil wells worth millions of dollars, or coal mines worth millions, or gold, silver, or lead mines worth millions, and yet, the men who have these riches in charge have to send page and half-page advertisements two thousand miles to Toronto in order to sell shares at five and ten cents each to raise money with which to buy ropes and buckets, cross-cut saws, and picks, with which to scoop up these wells of wealth or chop down these hills of gold. There must, indeed, be wonderful places away off, if people near by these vast treasures fail to seize them, and force the men in charge to hunt, by means of newspaper advertisements, for five and ten dollar bills among the clerks and mechanics of Toronto and the farmers and villagers of Ontario.

There are no such wonderful places on this green earth. If a man at Great Snakes, Arizona, has a hill of solid ore worth smelting, he can find money with which to go on with the job, by riding a horse to the nearest telegraph office.

However, this is the place to bring glass beads. Here the simple faith of the aborigine makes its last stand, and the glittering gew-gaw fascinates the gaping crowd. It arises, to some extent, from our extreme virtue. We are a good people, and if anybody, by investing one dollar, is to make a thousand, why should not fortune favor the righteous? In Europe, wherever there is a peasantry noted for its piety, there the lottery flourishes. They implore the saints and risk their money. Can it be that the wicked will flourish, and our good people lose when they gamble in stocks? They try their luck. They must try it extensively or mine promoters from Dawson to Peru would not continue paying for advertisements in the Toronto press.

Glass beads of other kinds are worked off on us. Not a new religion is invented, anywhere, but it soon has one of its strongest branches here, and its long-haired prophets are in our richest pastures. Dowie's Zion was almost a Canadian village at one time, so many of that old man's dupes were drawn from Ontario. Sensational revivalists make big earnings here and return again and again, after wearing out their welcome in other cities. We pay big money to hear lectures on temperance from men from places across the border, where they have ten drinking places to our one, and where the bars are open night and day, Sunday and Saturday. We are a simple, confiding people. Hereabouts is the wooliest sheep patch on the continent.

ON this page to-day is published a calendar of a year of scandal, and it is to be hoped that a new leaf will be turned over for 1907. The exposures of 1906 cannot fail to work for good, in this, if in no other way, that they have served to remind men that although they may get away at the time with unclean profits, there is always the danger that ultimately there may come a day of reckoning and disgrace. In various lines of business men of the director class have learned that it will not do for them to go along in the old way, knowing nothing whatever about the ins and outs of the businesses they are supposed to direct, and allowing managers to put them down as movers and seconders of resolutions they know nothing about, and which may bulge with dishonesty or open fraud. Managers will have to be more explicit, more patient of questioning, for some time to come. There is any amount of honesty left in the world—there is enough of it to control all the business and politics of the world, if it were to become just a little more assertive. Most men are honest, but the need of the time was just such a shaking-up as business and politics have received during 1906. A cloud of specious reasoning had obscured the true features of many prevailing business practices, and men who

deemed themselves thoroughly honest, and who were passively so, were horrified to find themselves in court, confessing to transactions that, under the glare of criticism, looked woefully bad. These public inquests on the bare bones of past deals, no longer clothed in the fair disguising flesh that made them seem wholesome in their warm lifetime, have taught the people at large more than could be learned from any series of lectures what is the true anatomy of honest business. Our commissions and prosecutions have constituted a summer course in the principles of what's what. As I have said, the true features of many business practices have been obscured by specious reasoning. The great trouble has been that men got into the way of regarding any business profit that came to them as being of necessity a legitimate earning. Lots of men are perfectly honest, except in the way of business. They would not tell a lie, except over the counter. They would not touch a stolen penny, but they cannot look with doubt on a cheque drawn on a good bank and signed by the manager of a flourishing business. A cheque is a thing eminently respectable. It can get past consciences that the sight of money would alarm—the cheque conducts itself so decently and in order, bears itself always like an honest earning. It's a dividend, and what

severe months of each winter in jail and prison, and set free during the pleasant months of each summer, sponging on hard-working relatives and friends, tutoring young acquaintances in crime, and drifting always nearer the ditch or the gallows. Are we attempting to do anything worth while with these men? We are not. It is all a sham. They should be made to know that they must reform, or be excluded altogether from a free, open-air world whose laws they will not comply with. Most of them would reform if they had to. At present they don't have to. A Government job all winter, and high jinks all summer, just suits lots of these fellows.

M. R. MCGILL, manager of the collapsed Ontario Bank, has been arrested on a second charge, that of embezzlement, and the magistrate has refused bail. Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, president of the bank, on the charge of signing false returns to the Government, has been remanded.

WHEN the London election scandal was first brought into the light it was stated, in these columns that the people of London were quite as much opposed to crookedness as those of any other city, but that there were rival

that when he decided to make an exposure, he came to Toronto. The evidence of Adolph and one other witness, however, shows that Collins had nothing to tell Hyman's opponents that they did not already know, except that he could tell them more of it, and tell it circumstantially. They do not appear to have had any use for evidence of bribery, except to pigeon-hole it, and so Collins came to Toronto. Coming here with the story, and telling it to the Attorney-General, placed Mr. Foy in the position where he had to act. He could not place himself in Collins' power by knowing about these things, yet doing nothing. London and her local bargains signified nothing in the scale with the whole credit of the Whitney Administration. The case had to go at least to the police court, and Colonel Denison did the rest. He would not let the case out of his hands until he had laid bare its innermost recesses. The exposure was not, then, a breach of faith by those on one side of a political bargain. Nor was it a deliberate exercise of justice. It was a fluke.

FOR years there has been talk in Toronto of carrying the street car service along Bloor street over the tracks to a point on Dundas street near Toronto Junction. Let me predict that this dream of years will soon be realized. The prediction is based solely on the fact that the street is now being paved with asphalt. As it is the invariable practice in Toronto to rip up a new pavement as soon as laid, and as nothing would rip up a street like a track extension—the time for a track extension seems to have arrived.

A NUMBER of G. T. R. conductors have been summarily dismissed during the past fortnight, with no explanation as to the cause. But it is supposed they were suspected of allowing passengers to travel on their trains without paying fares to the company. Without a word they are thrown on the street, and some of them are well along in years. But the company is entirely blameless. If a railway conductor betrays his trust and defrauds his employers, he should be not only discharged, but criminally prosecuted, and until men are jailed for this crime, people will not include it in the list of crimes. Another necessity is that the men who conspire with conductors to defraud a railway company be criminally prosecuted. Men make a jest of this dishonesty, and some who are square enough in other matters feel ashamed of themselves when they buy a ticket instead of tipping the conductor. The young man who knocks about on trains a good deal is made to feel that he is a "softy" because he honestly pays his fare, although many of those who boast that they ride free, or nearly so, are liars oftener than they are thieves. They pay, but would have you believe each time that they do so for special reasons. It is strange that a man should make boast that he is a participant in a petty fraud. Men jest, too, about the treason of conductors to their employers. They enjoy telling the old story of the conductor who used to carry cattle men for a dollar tip, and when the company gave the drovers a cut rate of one dollar was very angry. Going through a car where several of the men were, he declared: "Well, if the company can carry you for a dollar, I can carry you for fifty cents." They tell the other old story of the conductor who was called to Montreal for dismissal on the ground that he had acquired a grand house and stables, far beyond what he could have saved from his salary. "Well," he replied, "I have got these things. Why replace me with a man who would start where I did and get these things the way I got them?" Men make a jest of this form of dishonesty, and say it cannot be stopped. Yet it could be stopped if guilty conductors were sent to the Central Prison, and guilty passengers were put in the common jail for thirty days. The passenger is the tempter. He gets on good terms with the conductor, talks about other men on the road, slips him a dollar or two—"no tickets between friends." A new conductor may have a firm resolve that he will not touch crooked money, but smarter men than himself are determined that they will "fetch" him sooner or later—men with life-long experience in corrupting conductors, and, as a rule, they succeed. Sometimes they succeed at last by sheer effrontery, showing a bogus ticket with a folded dollar bill beneath it, into the conductor's hand in a crowded car. The man cannot refuse the tip without making a scene—a scene injurious to himself and to the "popular fellow" he is dealing with. He passes on, nobody suspects what has happened, but the guilty passenger knows that he has added another to his string of fellow conspirators in the game of defrauding the railway company. When a man once starts taking tips instead of tickets, he is a goner, for the trick seems so easy. The law should get after the crooked passengers.

This is not a matter for railway companies alone. It affects society at large. Dishonesty is never a private concern. If a thousand men in the Province are failing to pay their railway fares, they are postponing the day when the people at large will enjoy reduced rates on the railways.

HAVE Canadians been "slow" at Cobalt? Not so very slow. Not nearly so slow as when they let the rich nickel mines of Sudbury pass into strange hands. It may be of interest to enquire into the proprietorship of some of the Cobalt properties that possess undoubted value and see where Canadians stand.

The Nipissing Mines Co. is the biggest concern in the camp, the largest in extent, the greatest shipper of ore, the most talked about. It is largely owned by Americans, although Mr. Duncan Coulson of Toronto is vice-president of the company, and considerable of its stock is owned in Toronto and Montreal. Canadians were the discoverers of this mine—or these mines—but sold out for \$400,000, and it seemed a lot of money at the time. It is supposed that the principal movers in the company went into it as a stock-market transaction only, and for that purpose capitalized it at \$12,000,000, issuing one-half of that amount, and these shares were optioned at \$4.50 and \$5.50. At the time these prices seemed very satisfactory to the promoters, but they began to find the property a



From a design by Norman Harris.

LET US TURN OVER A NEW LEAF FOR 1907.

can be more honorable than a dividend? Men have been taking plunder under business disguises, profits, dividends, commissions. They have been taking bribes, rake-offs, they have shared thievings, but always carefully wrapped up and made to take the thoroughly respectable appearance of business earnings. The Insurance Commission and Mr. Shepley have ripped open a lot of these parcels and spilt jingling plunder on the table. The shake-up of 1906 will cause men to be more punctilious.

JAMES MORAN was in the Toronto Police Court on Monday, charged with the theft of thirteen dollars. His record showed that he had served several terms in jail and three terms in the Central Prison. He now goes for a fourth term to the Central Prison, and will remain nine months.

What do you suppose civilized society is trying to do with Jim?

The spending of a few months each year in jail or prison does not seem to be the remedy that Jim's case calls for. He comes back again and again, loafing, sponging, stealing, and goes to prison again and again. What is the sense of dealing thus with a multitude of Jims? If men of this class will work only when in prison, and be honest only when in prison, why not coop them up indefinitely and only let them loose when there is ground for believing that they have gained sense and self-control, and will no longer be an expense and a nuisance to society? How supremely foolish is the present system by which a shoal of vicious persons are housed during the

groups of men down town in that city who played "stud politics," and had a tacit understanding that no matter what happened, neither side was to go to the courts squalling and tale-bearing. It is amusing to hear a London Liberal worker inveigh against the "breach of faith" of which his party is the victim. But was it a breach of faith? Was it not rather a fluke? Consider a couple of facts that came out in the evidence. Thomas A. Adolph swears that he was paid \$5 by a Liberal worker to vote for Hyman; instead he voted for Gray, and promptly handed over the money to the secretary of the Conservative Association, with a statement of the facts. At least one other witness swears that he, too, accepted a bribe from a Liberal worker, voted Gray, and handed the corrupt money and a statement of facts to the managers of the Conservative party. This evidence was in the hands of Hyman's opponents election night or next day; this evidence also indicated where more of the same could be had. But nobody went squalling and tale-bearing to court; the evidence was not used; no steps were taken to protest the election. The evidence of bribery seems to have been about as safely secreted in the Conservative committee room as if it had been hidden away in the vaults of the Liberal party. The Grit workers can scarcely accuse the Tory workers of not playing the game according to the local rules they had patched up between them.

What caused the exposure, then? Jerry Collins. He did not receive the treatment he had expected, and he resolved to get what was coming to him or get even with somebody. It is rather curious

very valuable one, with unbounded possibilities, and felt they had sold too soon. They started to buy back what they had sold, and drove the price up with a rush to \$20 a share. Americans have control of this big mining property, but the Canadians who discovered it pulled \$400,000 out of it; others bought shares at \$5 and sold for \$20; still others are holding on. The passing of this sensational property into strange hands has led some of us to think that the same is true of most Cobalt properties, but a survey of the facts does not bear this out. Our people still own most of the good things.

With this one exception, it seems that all the important claims and developed mines were until quite recently owned almost exclusively by Canadians, and those that have been sold realized prices ranging from \$400,000 to \$1,500,000. These sums were almost clear profit to the Canadians who sold out. They have got their money; the buyers have yet to get theirs.

Perhaps the second most important mine is the La Rose—named after the blacksmith who first discovered ore on the spot—and it is owned exclusively by a small group of Canadians, with John McMartin of Cornwall as president. The property is about the only one in the district that has been mined scientifically—the others have for the most part rifled the surface of the rich values easiest reached.

Taking practically all the proven properties at Cobalt—exclusive of the Nipissing, formerly the Earl—it is found that they are at present owned by Canadians or have just been sold to Americans at fancy figures:

La Rose Mining Co.
J. B. 6.
Buffalo Mines.
Foster Cobalt Mining Co.
Lawson Cobalt Silver Co.
Kerr Lake Mining Co.
Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Co.
Cobalt Silver Queen Co.
University Mines Co.
Trethewey Silver Cobalt Co.
O'Brien Mining Co.
Drummond Mines Co.
Hargraves.

The three latter, along with the La Rose and J. B. 6, comprise what are known as the close corporations in Cobalt. The University, Foster, Trethewey, and Silver Queen properties were recently sold by their original owners, but I am told that the control of them is still in Canadian hands. It is understood that the McKinley-Darragh and the McLeod & Glendenning mines are controlled by Americans. Men from across the border have got hold of a lot of undeveloped properties about the value of which nothing is known as yet. Canadians, too, have swarmed over the wilderness, locating claims that may or may not possess value.

To sum up, Canadians got in first; they got all the mines that are of proven worth; they own them still, or have sold out at big figures, at figures that bear a fair relation to real values.

Now, however, the speculative stage has been reached, the game grows big, and New York and Boston can out-gamble Toronto. It was reported that John McMartin bought the University mine for a million dollars on Monday and sold it again the same day to New York parties for a million and a half. If New York and Boston men get after the stock of the best Cobalt mines, they will capture them. They are getting them, but they are paying for them—they are paying for them. It looks as if most of the real mining, as apart from speculation, is in Canadian hands.

At a school board meeting in Port Hope the other night, Judge Benson, in discussing some coal bills presented for payment, pointed out that while coal was selling at \$7 per ton in that town, it was selling in Cobourg and other towns at \$6.50 per ton. In Port Hope the dealers seem to have joined hands and publish in the local papers the following advertisement:

COAL
Egg, Stove and Chestnut, \$7 per ton.
July discount 30c.
August discount 20c.
THE DEALERS

Judge Benson expressed the opinion that the coal dealers of Port Hope had a combine, and were exactly in the position of the plumbers of Toronto, who were exposed and heavily fined. One fails to see why coal should cost half a dollar per ton more in Port Hope than in Cobourg, and it may be assumed that the dealers in the latter town are making a fair profit. The house-cleaning mood has taken hold of the people, and the citizens of Port Hope are after the local coal dealers. One citizen has made a public offer of \$100 reward for "evidence that will lead to the conviction and punishment of any person who may be guilty of forming or joining a combine, understanding, or agreement by which the price of coal has been enhanced in Port Hope." It is, of course, a criminal offence for men to conspire to enhance the price of coal. In Toledo three ice men have been fined \$2,500 each and sentenced to a term of six months in jail, for having combined to advance the price of ice to the consumers. In the eye of the law, at least, competition is the life of trade, and the customer is entitled to such reductions in price as would be expected to arise from the competing desire of rival dealers to do as large a business as possible at the smallest profit he can afford to take. When rival dealers in any line get together, therefore, and strike a bargain that eliminates all competition from their dealings, they are in the eye of the law conspiring to defraud the public—they are banding together to place the public at their mercy. This, the Port Hope coal dealers may not have done, but if they have done it they would be wise to undo it. The moment is not propitious for little toy combines to show their tender heads.

WITH this issue, SATURDAY NIGHT enters upon the twentieth year of publication, and in view of the fact that the paper passed under new control a few months ago, I wish to make a few observations that may not be without interest to new and old readers. Many changes have occurred in the nineteen years since the first issue of this paper appeared. Toronto has grown to a remarkable extent in that time, and Canada has developed in a way that one can scarcely realize until he sits down with some means of comparison before him. Such a means was afforded me in a look over the first issue of SATURDAY NIGHT—the news it contained, the subjects it discussed, the advertisements it contained. Many of the business houses that flourished nineteen years ago have since passed off the stage—men have grown old and re-

tired, a younger generation transacts most of the mercantile trade of the city. Even where the same firm names remain, in many cases new men are in charge. Nineteen years is quite a chunk of any man's life. The first issue of the paper contained engravings that would horrify any reader of the paper to-day—portraits that could not possibly have resembled the persons whom they were supposed to represent. No attempt was made to reproduce a photograph. Crude pen drawings were used—such were the conditions that then hampered those who attempted to issue a high-class paper. There has been, in nineteen years, a great improvement in the work of newspaper artists, and in the equipment of the engraving houses. It is vastly easier now to produce good printing effects. In politics nineteen years ago, Sir John Macdonald and Oliver Mowat were the politicians cartooned by the press, and cartooned with a savagery no longer practised. The names prominent in society at that time have largely disappeared.

It is not surprising, then, that in its nineteenth year, amid such changes, SATURDAY NIGHT should have passed under new editorship. It was inevitable. But the present purpose of the paper remains singularly true to the line laid down for it by Mr. E. E. Sheppard in the first number issued to the public. In that first issue he outlined the policy of the paper, using these words:

"To be good-natured will be the chief aim of this journal, now and then perhaps pointing out or smiling at the weaknesses which mark the human race, but avoiding always anything that is scurrilous or improper. The journey of life is naturally over many rough places, and those are not friends of society who add to the ruggedness of the road or increase the disquiet and turmoil, which, under the best circumstances, cloud so much of heaven's brightness, and obscure so constantly the sunshine of good-fellowship and neighborly kindness."

That was the point of view of this journal when it was established; it is the point of view of the present editor. Let me quote further from the declared policy of this paper in its first issue, regarding the acceptance of none but clean advertisements, as follows:

"No quacks, or 'before taking' and 'after taking' illustrations will ever appear in its columns, as the public to which we appeal are doubtless tired of having all the ills of life and the symptoms of every disease that flesh is heir to, continually placed before them."

This, also, exactly expresses my view, and we decline to accept at any price the class of advertisements that were condemned in the first issue of the paper nineteen years ago. This paper's early ideals, with all their first enthusiasm, guide it. The paper aims to be clean, frank-spoken, but good-humored. Plans are under way for a considerable editorial improvement in the weekly contents of this paper, and we hope to make of it a journal that nobody will care to be without.

The following criticism of the American woman found in an anonymous volume called "The Secret Life" has the charm of novelty: "My observation leads me to think that American women hold a position far inferior to the women of Europe," says the writer, adding, "Why is American social life composed almost exclusively of women? What is the cause of our superfluity of women's clubs and classes? What place has the middle-aged or elderly woman in America save as the mother of her daughters, or the dispenser of her husband's hospitalities and charities? After the period of sex-attraction has passed women have no power in America. Who ever sees here, as is so often seen in Europe, an elderly woman's drawing rooms filled with politicians, financiers, artists, who come for the refreshment and stimulation of her ideas and conversation? Mentally, the American woman does not interest the American man."

A correspondent writing to the New York Sun, asks if the Igorotes, such as those exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition and other Canadian fairs this autumn, are representative of the native population of the Philippine Islands. The Sun makes reply: "To the same extent that a circus bunch of Indians in Europe might be regarded as representative of the United States. There are many tribes in the Philippines, of several races, and of diverse swarms of migration. The autochthons are represented by the Negrito inhabitants of the interior, a people yet resting on a very primitive culture plane; the highest development has been reached by the Tagalog, a people allied linguistically with the Malayan stem, or perhaps to be considered as a northern branch of the Polynesian race. The Igorotes are the mountaineers of North Luzon, savages whom civilization is now for the first time reaching."

For the first time in many years, Vancouver is enjoying the delight of eastern grapes this fall. Western grapes are as different to eastern grapes as day is from night, and are not to be compared with them. Nearly all the grapes consumed here come from California, and while they make excellent light wines, they do not compare with eastern grapes for table purposes. In the Niagara district, which is the great grape-growing section of Canada, Concord grapes are regarded as an inferior variety. In plentiful years they rot upon the vines. It is no uncommon thing to find them being sold in the stores for a cent a pound. Yet in Vancouver small baskets of them containing two or three pounds sold on Saturday for a dollar. If the farmers in the Niagara Peninsula ever hear of this they will tear their hair and weep and be afflicted with a great grief.—Vancouver Province.

In connection with the failure of company and bank directors to master the details of the business they are supposed to guide, a correspondent writes the New York Post, to suggest a remedy. He says: "A remedy might be found in a regulation authorizing a director to appoint his bookkeeper or other expert to take his place in the detail work of the monthly or quarterly examination. A person whose life work has been accounting will not tire of the dry details as would one who has worked in accounts occasionally or incidentally."

Mr. S. F. Glass of London writes THE SATURDAY NIGHT to say: "Your fearless and independent criticism of great public and moral issues must necessarily commend your journal to everyone who reads it."

A gentleman, writing from Cornwall to renew his subscription to SATURDAY NIGHT, says: "I have been a constant reader since the first issue, and it is the only paper I feel I could not do without."

Writing from Brule Lake, a reader says: "Your paper is bright and exceedingly interesting, and the best paper I take."

After Nine Years at Dawson and Nome

R. W. SLOAN, from Alaska, is in Toronto this week, and gave SATURDAY NIGHT some interesting information. Dr. Sloan is a young man who took his medical degree in Chicago and has made money in the gold country. His father is a wealthy land-owner at Blyth, Ont., and reeve of the town.

"Nine years ago," said the Doctor, "when I made the journey from Edmonton to Dawson, I was eighteen months making the trip. Now I have come back from Nome to Toronto in eleven days. That shows what gold can do to overcome distance."

"You were one of those unlucky fellows who went in by the Edmonton trail," said the reporter.

"I wasn't unlucky. The Edmonton trail was all right, but faint-hearted fellows who turned back labelled it and the newspapers gave it a bad name. There was game to be had nearly all the way, and only on one or two occasions did we strike a district where we couldn't shoot all the food we needed."

"Well, good or bad, the quality of the Edmonton trail doesn't matter now."

"No, it doesn't matter now. There are swifter ways of getting in. But I'm glad I went that way. There's a great country up there, and nobody knows yet what mineral wealth it contains. All that country is worth prospecting. I came across numerous outcroppings of coal in the far north. When the Hudson's Bay Company first entered that country they found a coal mine on fire, and it is burning yet—it has been burning these two hundred years, at least, and nobody knows how much longer. I saw the smoke of it in the distance."

"Sure it wasn't a volcano?"

"It was not a volcano," replied Dr. Sloan. "There is a volcano up there, I believe, but there is also this coal mine, burning away century after century. Some day those coal beds will fuel Western Canada. There must be other minerals, too, and already there is much talk in Alaska of moving around and exploring the Mackenzie River. It is known that some of the native tribes have weapons and utensils made of almost pure hammered copper. Big finds will be made in that country."

"Did you leave Dawson at the time of the rush to Nome?"

"Yes, in 1899."

"How far is it?"

"From Dawson to Nome, the distance is two thousand miles."

"Two—thousand—miles!"

"Yes. People down here seem to think it is just up one side of a mountain and down the other," said the Doctor. "The distance is considerably short of two thousand miles in a straight line, but by the only path you can travel it is a two thousand mile journey. Alaska is a bigger country than it looks on the map. From Toronto to Nome is a journey of 5,300 miles. There are many Toronto men in Nome. The population of the town is about 8,500 in summer and half as many in winter. Lots of workers come up from Seattle for one hundred days' work at \$5 a day. It costs them \$35 steerage to come and as much to go back. They return to Seattle with about \$400 saved up."

"How is law and order up there?"

"Very good. There's been a lot of dissatisfaction about titles, and a great many charges about crooked litigation over valuable claims. A man feels that his property rights are safer in Dawson than in Nome."

"I suppose you are down here to see what there is in all this talk about Cobalt?"

"I'm going to Cobalt this week. Yes, naturally, I want to see for myself. But Nome has a big future. There is no end of mineral there. Back of the town they are mining tin now in rich quantities."

"Yes," Dr. Sloan added, "I return to Nome in the spring. After nine years' absence I notice great changes in Canada, all the way along—great improvements—and in Toronto as much as anywhere else."

The Parable of the Fig-Tree.

Many who have been puzzled by the parable of the fig-tree will read with interest a brief note by W. S. Milne, of Adelaide, South Australia, in the London *Expository Times*. Says Mr. Milne:

"In the article 'Figs' in the Dictionary of the Bible, Professor Post says: 'We will not dispute the possibility of finding a winter fig or two on a tree (although during a residence of thirty-three years in Syria we have searched and inquired in vain for them).' Curiously enough, the morning after I had read this I was returning from an early service, and was passing a garden in which grew a fig-tree whose branches overhung the fence, and lo, on the pavement in front of me lay a dark blue ripe fig, a remainder of last season's crop, while the branches overhead were laden with young, green, unripe figs! Looking up carefully, I subsequently perceived among the branches several of the last year's figs, dark blue, fully ripe, and burst, and alongside of them the young, fresh, unripe figs. In many respects I have found South Australia to throw light upon Bible scenery, etc., and here, I thought, was an instance, so that the opinion is probably correct that our Lord came to the fig-tree, 'not to find new figs, but to find and eat any figs of the last season which might have remained over on the tree.'"

Thomas E. Watson, who founded Watson's Magazine about eighteen months ago, and who has been editor-in-chief from the first, has resigned, and will devote himself to literary work at his home in Georgia. Colonel W. D. Mann of Town Topics is the chief stockholder in the Tom Watson Magazine corporation.



BRASS CLOCKS

These small clocks are most suitable for bedroom or desk use. We have a good stock ranging from

\$4.00 to \$10.00 Each

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Mrs. Fidler, 8 Orde Street, - 1st and 3rd Wednesdays
Mrs. G. W. Watts, Beaumont Road, - 1st Monday and Tuesday
Mrs. Duncan Donald, 71 Elm Avenue, 2nd Monday and Tuesday
Mrs. D. W. Alexander, "Meadowbank," - 1st and 2nd Mondays
Mrs. Mulock, 61 Cluny Avenue, - 1st and 3rd Mondays
Mrs. Alexander, Bon Accord, - 1st and 2nd Mondays
Mrs. Falconbridge, 80 Isabella Street, - 1st Monday
Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Jarvis Street, - 1st Monday
Mrs. Percy Elliot, 148 Rose Avenue, - Mondays
Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, "Tanenheim," - 1st and 2nd Mondays
Mrs. Albert Webster, 3 College Street, - 1st Tuesday
Mrs. Harry Bourlier, 102 Wellesley Street, - December 3
Mrs. Sweetnam, 79 Madison Avenue, - 1st and 2nd Fridays
Mrs. F. Symonds, 4 Howard Street, - 1st and 3rd Mondays
Mrs. Wm. Jackson, 314 St. George Street, - 1st and 3rd Fridays
Mrs. Harris Pudge, 40 Maple Avenue, - January 7 and 14
Mrs. Hemming, Stanley Barracks, - 2nd and 4th Thursdays
Mrs. Mabee, 15 Scarth Road, - Mondays in January
Miss Scott, 85 St. George Street, - Tuesdays
Mrs. Fred. G. Clark, Glen Road, - 2nd Monday and Tuesday
Mrs. Healy, 115 St. George Street, - 2nd and 4th Tuesdays
Mrs. T. G. Moberly, 135 Roxboro Avenue, - January 7 and 14
Mrs. J. F. Ross, 43 Huntley Street, - Mondays in November
Mrs. Keele, Surrey Villa, - 1st and 3rd Mondays
Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Sherbourne Street, - 1st and 2nd Mondays
Mrs. Horace Eaton, 631 Sherbourne Street, - Mondays in Nov.
Mrs. George E. Boulter, 59 Prince Arthur Ave., - 1 and 2 Fridays
Mrs. Fleury, 85 Bedford Rd., - Fridays in Nov. and Dec. 4th
Mrs. A. Craig, 34 Harbord Street, - last Tuesday
Mrs. Goldman, 170 St. George Street, - 2nd and 3rd Fridays
Mrs. Rorke, 199 Madison Avenue, - Fridays
Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Wellington St. West, - Nov. 15th

"Quite the prettiest tea I ever went to," is the way an experienced and critical hostess describes the huge function at Deancroft last Saturday, when Mrs. Albert Gooderham welcomed her dear five hundred friends, and presented to them her graceful, pretty, eldest daughter, who is indeed the favored *debutante* of the season, having the aforesaid tea for her presentation, and a very beautiful dance at the King Edward in the near future to further mark her coming out. Miss Charlotte Gooderham would have been out last year, but for the death of her grandfather, Mr. Gooderham of Waveney, but a girl so young could easily wait another year, and lose none of the first fresh charm of youth and beauty. Everything that taste and wealth could supply was lavished to honor the bright young lady. The handsome residence was redolent with fragrance from countless roses, and one tea-table, the large billiard-table being devoted to such uses, was exquisitely decorated with a central bowl of delicate mauve orchids with sprays of the yellow orchid blooms, intermingled, and smaller vases at each corner of the broad board, with the same rare flowers. In the dining-room a lesser table was centered with a regular mound of Beauty roses, which divided the admiration of every flower-lover with more rare and fascinating orchids. Music, dainties, plenty of room, and the smartest of men and women were at this fine tea, and the *debutante* in a pretty frock of *point d'esprit*, with an armful of roses, was complimented on all sides. The coterie of her girl friends who are coming out this month were all at the tea, and enjoyed themselves with the enthusiasm of the *debutante*. For the next six weeks these young girls will be the cynosure of all eyes, and as their various charms and idiosyncrasies of character reveal themselves, will take their places in the gay world, and the regard of society. Mrs. Gooderham wore white touched with black velvet, and the *debutante* was in white silk with a necklace of pearls, a coming-out gift from her parents. Beside, an army of waiters, the young sons and some of their friends from St. Andrew's College, the following relatives assisted in looking after the guests: Mrs. Beatty (formerly Lily Gooderham of Waveney, aunt of the *debutante*), Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mrs. W. H. Gooderham and Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell. A few of the guests were: The Misses Mortimer Clark, General and Mrs. Otter, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Judge and Mrs. Hodgins, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Canon Cayley, Mrs. Becher, Principal and Mrs. Macdonald, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Count and Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Lady Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins of Cloyne Wood, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Dr. and Mrs. King, Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. MacLean, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, Dr. and Mrs. Burnham, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Miss Veals, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gordon, Miss Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Gooderham, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Colonel D. M. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Major and Mrs. Catto, Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Dr. and Mrs. Allan Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Machell, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Davidson, Mrs. Hay, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, the Misses McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Broughall, Mr. Cameron Wilson, Archdeacon and Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Rathbun, Colonel and Mrs. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Lee, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Brebner, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Spragge, Professor and Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Massey, Mrs. Irving, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Roaf, Mr. and Mrs. Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Mason, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins, Mr. and Mrs. Derwyn Owen, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth was in town for a short visit last week, and returned to Ottawa on Saturday. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth received for the first time in her new house, 77 Macpherson avenue, and many of her friends went out to see her. The girl's hostess was very dainty and pretty in pale blue, with white lace, and was assisted by Miss Darling of Ravensmount, who poured tea. She has the prettiest of bride-homes, in a high and healthy part of the northern suburb.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock gave a young folks' luncheon on Tuesday in honor of her guest, Miss Yvonne Perodeau, at which a very bright and pleasant company assembled for a charming little feast. Mrs. Mulock is an unaffectedly cordial hostess, whose youth is one of her

attractions, instead of a drawback, as is so often the case when the duties of hostess are in question. The young friends of this happy and fortunate hostess are always sure of a particularly good time when bidden to her home.

Invitations were out on Tuesday to Major and Mrs. Albert Gooderham's ball in the King Edward on December 7 in honor of their daughter's debut.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis gave her first large entertainment on Wednesday afternoon at her home, 246 St. George street, in honor of the *debutante* daughter of the house, Miss Muriel, and never have a more attractive mother and daughter been loaded with compliments. Mrs. Jarvis wore a beautiful gown of pale heliotrope and white satin brocade, with some splendid lace, *en berthe*, and a soft guimpe of pleated net. A knot of violets on the corsage and a few fine jewels completed her costume. Miss Muriel was in white chiffon embroidered in silk, her mignon face and fluffy fair hair peeping over an armful of roses, not more delicate in tint than her own complexion, which is marvellous. This beauty of tint is an heirloom in her mother's family. I remember her maternal grandmother, Mrs. J. E. Brooke, with cheeks as pink and lovely as hers, and she kept their beauty until she was a very old lady. Assisting in the tea-room were some of the *debutantes* of the month, Miss Evelyn Kerr of Rathnelly in white with pale blue hat and boa, was lovely; Miss Adams of Glen road, in pink figured net over taffeta, with a fairy-like waist, and a piquant dark-eyed face, was a *debutante* to adore. Little Miss Cosby, a bud not yet open, was in a simple turquoise frock, and Miss Violet Wadsworth was very sweet and bonnie in white with white hat. Miss Amy Sinclair, in a dainty white net frock, was a charming *debutante* who waited on the guests with a cordial grace all her own. The table was done in great yellow 'mums, and the *bijou salon de reception* was full of fragrance from a wealth of flowers, pink roses and carnations sent to the fascinating little *debutante*. The strenuous life has begun in earnest for the rosebud garden, and on Wednesday there were some sleepy maidens who had been lunching and dancing and going it generally until they welcomed "early to bed" on Wednesday night. Needless to say, there were crowds of people at Mrs. Jarvis's tea, and among others was the fair Kentuckian, Mrs. Paul Jarvis, who, with her husband, is at 74 St. George street for the winter. Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Machray, each looking very *chic*, were also at Mrs. Jarvis's tea. Everyone admired the artistic house and its gracious mistress, and there were many peeps at the fine portrait of the great-grandmother Jarvis by Sir Peter Lely, which is a valued possession.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweeny of Rohallion are at Turkey Point, St. Williams, Ont., for some shooting. Mrs. Sweeny is expected back on Saturday, but Colonel Sweeny will remain away until the 16th.

Mrs. Robert O'Hara and her sons and daughter are settled in an apartment in 68th street, New York—No. 44.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Bonsall to Mr. George Barron will take place very quietly on Wednesday afternoon, November 14, 1906.

Mrs. Barker of 327 St. George street has the hearty sympathy of hosts of friends on the death of her sweet little mother, Mrs. Simpson, who passed away on Friday of last week, at the age of 87. Mrs. Simpson was born Fisher, of Quebec, and was one of the reigning belles of the Ancient City over half a century ago. On her widowhood, she came from Kingston to Montreal, where for fifty-one years she lived with a maiden sister, on whose death a couple of years ago Mrs. Barker brought her to her home in Toronto, where she has since been a cherished member. Mrs. Simpson was several times a great-grandmother, her latest great-grandchild being Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones' little son.

The Domino Club will hold their annual dance in the Temple Building on January 11, 1907.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, assisted by her handsome daughter, Miss Jean, received shoals of callers on Monday afternoon, when the new "Bon Accord" in Elm avenue was besieged by admiring friends. Needless to say, its mistress looked her best in a lovely gown, and that the new home was worthy of its occupants.

Preparations for St. Andrew's Ball are well *en train*, and the event bids fair to outshine all previous gala nights of Toronto's big Scotch contingent. His Excellency is coming from Ottawa with a large party, and there are to be the usual Scotch dances during the evening, for which the practices begin at the Armouries to-night at eight o'clock, and will continue each Saturday evening before St. Andrew's night.

A hard-worked bride-elect is Miss Annie Michie these days! Beside the usual thought and preparations for *les chifons* which every stylish bride must possess, she is being lunched and dined and otherwise made much of, until one fears she may whisper that little prayer of the socially weary, "Save me from my friends."

Miss Cosby gave a *debutante's* luncheon on Wednesday, at which covers were laid for sixteen. The little feast was not too formal to frighten the fluttering hearts of the guests, and the fun was glorious.

Mrs. Marsh of Jarvis street gave a very nice bridge party on Wednesday.

Mrs. Tom Clark is giving a dance at McConkey's on the 28th of December for her daughter, Miss Mary Clark.

The first reception of the season at Government House was on Thursday of last week, and was a notable turnout, both in numbers and smartness. Everyone came, and brought visitors, friends, *debutantes*, till the house, large as it is, was filled with visitors. The house party, as usual, were most cordial, and Mrs. Mortimer Clark looked very well in a handsome light gown of rich brocade, and some fine jewels. His Honor received and welcomed the callers with her. It was a great reunion after the summer separation, and the new sweet faces of many young girls who will later on frisk about at the dance of all others most anticipated in the first season, gave much added beauty and brightness to the reception. It was a lovely day, and by motor, carriage, or tram, the hundreds of visitors came flocking in about five.

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NOTES FROM NEW YORK

New York, Nov. 7.

L'Épi est mort, vive le roi, might have been written over the proscenium of the New Amsterdam Theater on Tuesday night when Mr. Forbes Robertson stepped into the gap Mr. Irving's departure had made. To have had two of England's foremost actors in succession at one playhouse is a rare experience even in this field of abundant opportunities—a cause for unbounded gratitude among all followers of the higher drama. The success of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" was instantaneous, and such a Cæsar as Mr. Robertson's may remain and collect tribute for his imperial master as long as he will. So far as New York is concerned the conquest is complete. An account of this fine performance, as well as of Miss Lena Ashwell's in "The Shulamite," I will reserve for my next, and in this try merely to overtake some arrears of the past month.

"The Great Divide," by William Vaughan Moody, in which Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller are appearing this season, is still the most popular success of the year. Mr. Miller has never been seen to better advantage than in the role of Stephen Ghent, and Miss Anglin's Ruth Jordan is the most complete artistic triumph in this actress's splendid career. The play has been discussed so freely that its main incidents are no doubt already familiar to all. The drama is a powerful one—some are calling it the great American drama, and its claims to that distinction are weighty. That it marks an epoch in American drama may however be admitted at once.

The scenes as you know are laid in the West,—out there on "The great doorstep of the world" as the author beautifully describes it,—where Ruth Jordan, a New England girl has gone with her brother to take up ranching. Left alone one night on the ranch she is attacked by three "greasers," two of them Mexican and one American. Their purpose is soon made obvious and to save herself she proposes to the dearest, the American, that if he will protect her from the others she will go away with him and be married. A string of nuggets buys off one of the trio, and a pistol duel disposes of the other, leaving Stephen and Ruth free to ride to the nearest magistrate. This somewhat melodramatic opening offers no clue, however, to the dramatic conflict to follow. The issues as we shall see are spiritual and the factors in the conflict are the Puritan conscience as represented in Ruth Jordan and the brute forces of nature as expressed in Stephen Ghent. It is only in the second scene that the intellectual brutality (if we may so describe it) of the first is understood. Perhaps there was no other way of producing the situation necessary and no better has been suggested. But the fact remains that Mr. Moody's dramatic structure is weak to the extent that his initial motive lacks plausibility and depends for its justification on subsequent events. It is abundantly justified, however, in this second act where we come upon the scene of the domestic and spiritual conflict. To Ruth the situation is odious and intolerable and her months of captivity have been months of self-reproach, shame, and contumely. That instinct for the larger life seen dawning in the girl at first, has been crushed by the violence of its opening. Spiritually, Ruth has shrunk and in her half terror crept farther and farther into the recesses of her puritan conscience. The influence on Stephen is the reverse. Elementally big and generous at heart, spiritual truth felt if not perceived, is gradually ennobling and refining his rugged nature. In his own blundering way he is full of kindness and consideration for his wife, whom he now loves, and there is a world of pathos in that gaze of bewilderment on the unhappiness he cannot understand. She has been secretly weaving baskets to buy back her freedom, and when Stephen is finally brought to realize the depth of her misery he lets her go.

The last act shows Ruth in her little New England home whither Stephen has followed her, clandestinely providing for her comfort and saving the household as it proves, from poverty. This of course is eventually discovered by Ruth and with the discovery comes the realization of Stephen's nobility and the deeper realization that her larger soul has unconsciously loved the man from the first. With this the spiritual adjustment is complete and, "The Great Divide" crossed in safety.

This is a very crude attempt to suggest the man's theme of the play but no account can do justice to the richness of its spiritual and poetic qualities, nor to its great psychological interest which, obviously is the dominating interest. From that standpoint it is unquestionably the greatest drama of the year. The long serious strain of the second act is admirably relieved by some exquisite human touches. For instance the unexpected arrival of Ruth's friends on the scene, and the little familiar deception the young wife employs to conceal the facts of her present condition provides some charming situations, and in the person of the brother's wife who stands for the perfectly normal, sane woman a touch or two of dainty comedy. This part was admirably acted by Miss Laura Hope Crews. Miss Anglin's acting throughout this long difficult scene can hardly be praised too highly. It is a most exacting test and in the hands of less than an artist it is questionable if the interest could be sustained. But Miss Anglin not only sustains the weight of the performance but holds her audience almost spellbound throughout. Except during Miss Mathison's marvellous performance of "Everyman," I have not seen an audience so intensely interested as during this act. It seemed to hang breathless on every word or look, and the tension was only realized in the sigh of relief that escaped as the curtain fell. Even the sophisticated playgoer,—in which category I may humbly class myself—could not escape its magnetic influence. Moments of positive ecstasy, too, are reached in that scene, moments of spiritual exaltation that prove beyond doubt the poetic qualities of Miss Anglin's interpretation. Mr. Miller's Stephen Ghent has the strength of the hills and their repose also. The subdued note of his performance is precisely the note required for the interpretation of this character of deep passionate simplicity. It was a great performance in every sense of the word. The staging and casting are quite perfect to the last detail and this perfection must likewise be credited to Mr. Miller whose production it is.

And while we are on the subject, we are pleased to note that Mr. Miller's managerial influence is to be extended into the exclusive realm of Browning. Under his supervision, Mrs. LeMoine is to revive "In a Balcony," and "A Blot on the Scutcheon," and present for the first time "Pippa Passes." These productions will be confined to matinees for the present no theater being available for

evening performances. Mr. Miller's theater, the Princess, will certainly not be available this winter, for I understand that seats for "The Great Divide" are being sold twelve weeks in advance.

"Nurse Marjorie," by Israel Zangwill, gives Miss Eleanor Robson another of those charming roles with which she has become more or less identified of late, Nurse Marjorie, who is in reality a daughter of the nobility, masquerades as the daughter of a Whitechapel fish-monger in order to put to a test the sincerity of her lover's feeling. The device is an old one in plays and while the present story is thin in itself and of the nursery order, there is good opportunity for character drawing, some clever dialogue, and much of that arch playfulness in which Miss Robson is seen at her best. The Whitechapel scene is especially humorous but the best characterization and the "hit" of the piece is afforded by Mr. Reuben Fax in the role of a close-fisted, hard-headed old New-castle capitalist, Andrew Danbury. The characterization is not only far above the ordinary but reaches the point of distinction, and Mr. Fax easily divides the honors of the performance with Miss Robson herself.

Miss Viola Allen is one of the few actresses in our midst who can present Shakespeare in a worthy manner, and her return to Shakespearean roles will consequently bring joy to all lovers of classic drama. As Imogen in her fine production of "Cymbeline" she is at her best, clothing that matured role with an outward grace, a rare comeliness, a rich unctious of soul and an emotional depth and sweetness more artistically satisfying than any in which we have seen her.

The brief but rather eventful career of the dramatic version of Mrs. Wharton's fine novel, came to an abrupt close here this week. Mr. Frohman has bowed to the inevitable and "The House of Mirth" will henceforth stand darkened,—a further solemn warning against these ill advised efforts to translate literary successes into terms of the stage. Miss Fay Davis and company, as you know, did what they could, but the case was hopeless from the first. How Mr. Clyde Fitch, a philistine of the philistines, whose own work has never risen higher than commonplace theatricalism, was chosen for this particular task is even more difficult to understand than that the effort should have been made at all.

J. E. W.

An Instance of the King's Remarkable Memory.

The King's powers of attention to detail are really astounding. One day recently a case in point came to notice. An old Admiral, newly appointed naval aide-de-camp, was invited to Sandringham. He had once formed one of a house-party invited to meet His Majesty, then Prince of Wales. During that time—it was years ago—the talk in the smoking-room had turned on food-faddists, and on the divers ways of fighting off disease and decay. The Admiral, then a modest post-captain, had confessed that he considered tea and coffee to be the beginning and end of digestive evils, and that for his part he intended to drink cocoa-nibs, and cocoa-nibs only, to the day of his death.

Anyone who has ever studied cocoa-nibs knows the decoction to be one requiring hours and hours for its preparation. The wife of the man who habitually drinks cocoa-nibs wears a harassed and plaintive expression, born of long and ghastly struggle with the stewing of them. It is of no use to order the cook to "do" them; no cook who ever tied an apron-string has patience sufficient for the task! Seven muslin bags, one for each day of the week, each containing a weighed amount of "nibs," one bag added each day; one bag withdrawn each night; and the "digester," standing always on the kitchen range, its contents simmering, not boiling (boiling is fatal to the proper management of the extract)—these are just a few of the things to be undertaken by the brewer of cocoa-nibs.

Does King Edward know all this? He certainly knew, and remembered that his new aide-de-camp had a fancy for cocoa-nibs. And when His Majesty took gracious leave of his guests on the night of the Admiral's arrival, he said, "I hope you'll find everything just as you like it. I have given orders, Admiral, for your cocoa-nibs!"

Woodruff's Missing Cipher

When Timothy L. Woodruff of Brooklyn was first nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, he was informed it was customary for candidates for such high office to give money to the State committee funds for carrying on the campaign.

"How much?" asked Woodruff.
"Well," said a friend, "you are pretty rich, having a million or two, and they probably expect a good-sized sum from you, or else," continued the friend candidly, "they wouldn't have nominated you. I'd give them a good round sum."

Woodruff considered. He is very rich, but he is also a good judge of money and aware of its value. After two or three days of counsel, he wrote a cheque for \$2,500 and sent it to Senator Platt, the Republican leader in New York.

Platt received it, but returned the cheque by the same messenger, and with it sent this note:

"Dear Tim: I am sending back this cheque for correction. You forgot to put enough cyphers on. It needs one more to make it of the right size. Please rectify this trifling error and return at once."

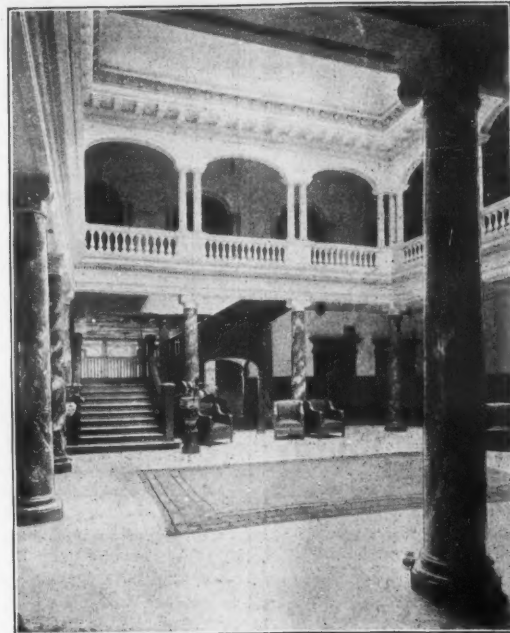
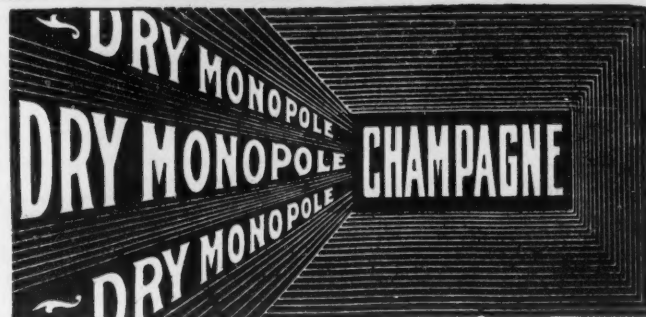
Toy Empire for Sale.

An attempt was made lately to sell by auction in London what was described in the prospectuses as "the smallest empire on the face of the earth." It is Lundy Island, a speck in the Bristol Channel, which belongs to the Rev. H. C. Huevon, whose father bought it in 1836 and left it to him.

"A little empire for a little emperor," exclaimed the auctioneer, as he started to describe the beauties of the island, which includes 1,046 acres, with hill and dale, wood and water, and a feasible landing place in fair weather.

No tax gatherer comes there; the hum of the factory is unheard, and the automobile peril is entirely absent. As the climate is peculiarly healthful and the air always fresh, it was suggested that the island would be an ideal site for a sanatorium.

Notwithstanding these attractions, the highest bid made for the island was £16,500, about \$82,500, and this did not meet the owner's idea of value of the property. The sale was called off, and Mr. Huevon decided to remain a little emperor himself a little longer.



VIEW OF ROTUNDA, SHOWING STAIRCASE.

ROSSIN HOUSE, TORONTO

CORNER KING AND YORK STS.

THE acknowledged abode of Foreign Notables, Business Men and Tourists.

Conveniently situated, easy of access to Depots, Theatres and Shopping Districts.

Bedrooms arranged singly and en suite with porcelain baths.

Rates—American Plan, from \$2.50 up.
European Plan, from \$1.00 up.

Reservation made for Tourists.

A. & A. NELSON, - - Proprietors.

Brightness and Freshness
of youth
are preserved to the complexion
by **CRÈME SIMON**
POUDRE
SAVON

YOU SHOULD WEAR The Patent COLLAPSIBLE CUFF-GRIP STUD

IT IS THE IDEAL STUD

FOR THE
BLOUSE

FOR THE
SOFT SHIRT

2—Turn Top Down.

MADE
IN GOLD ONLY

by

Murre, Bennett & Co., Ltd.
13 Charterhouse Street,
London, E.C., England.



1—Open up and Insert.



3—Press Stud Slant-Wise.



4—And it will Close up.

THE MOST USEFUL STUD ON THE MARKET

It lies flat and does not take up any room.

It grips very tightly and therefore sits firmly in the softest material.

It does not move about in the buttonhole, and in consequence will not blacken it: a nice little point of consideration for a lady when wearing a blouse of a delicate shade.

In the rough and tumble of the sporting field it proves itself of sterling quality.

OBTAINABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR JEWELER

Wholesale Agent: R. G. HOW, 204 St. James St., MONTREAL.

The Best Underwear To-Day —Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed

—made on the celebrated Cooper Spring Needle Circular Machine. The only Underwear in Canada made on this machine.

Cool, elastic, snug, comfortable.

Stretch it—and it springs back into shape at once—no matter how long or hard the strain.

For men and women. Two-piece and Union Suits. The Ellis fabric, knit on the spring needle, makes the only perfect union suit.

Ask your dealer. And write for free booklet with sample of fabric.

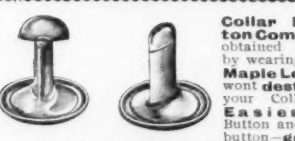
The Ellis Mfg. Co., Limited
Hamilton, Ont.

The Spring Needle that Knits this Underwear.

J. HOWELL JAMES 333 Lippincott St.

Art Furniture
Cabinet Making and Office Fittings
Carpentry and Alterations

Ordered Work Only Telephone N. 4443



Collar Button Comfort obtained only by wearing the Maple Leaf-wound destroy your Collars—Easiest to Button and unbutton—guaranteed against breakage—if your dealer hasn't got them write for descriptive Leaflet or send 25c. for Sample to

The Canada Button Co.

1150 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

O'Keefe's

For Quality.

Drink O'KEEFE'S ALE and PORTER—and you drink the purest, creamiest, most delicious brews in Canada. You've never tasted Ale and Porter at their best until you enjoy a bottle of

O'Keefe's

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robt. B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg. King St. West.
Hubert G. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.
J. S. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.

Mrs. Adelyn K. Pigott, 102 Bloor St. East.
Georgene W. A. Cook, 189 College St.

P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Bldg.

INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities
furnished on application.

Bonds and Stock bought
and sold on Commission.

A. E. Ames & Co.

LIMITED
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

SAVINGS
ACCOUNTS

PER $3\frac{1}{2}$ CENT.

Allowed on deposits.
Interest paid half-yearly.
Accounts subject to
cheque.
Interest calculated on
DAILY BALANCE

**CENTRAL
CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS CO.**
26 KING ST. E. TORONTO

CANADIAN "NEW YORK"
STOCKS AND BONDS.

Wyatt & Co.

(MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE)
46 King St. West.

METROPOLITAN
BANK

Capital Paid-Up - \$1,000,000
Reserve Fund - \$1,000,000

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:
Cor. College and Bathurst Streets.
Cor. Dundas and Arthur Streets.
Cor. Queen Street E. and Lee Ave.
Cor. Queen and McCaul Streets.
40-46 King Street West.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
AT ALL BRANCHES

A Bonus of \$75

(per \$1,000 assured), was added to life and endowment policies for the five years ending 31st December, 1904, and it is noteworthy that this rate of bonus has been maintained unbroken for the long period of 40 years.

For particulars of a Life Insurance Policy, apply to the

Royal Insurance Company
(OF LIVERPOOL)

Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East
Main 6000. TORONTO

Why a Trust Company

is the most desirable Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee:

It is perpetual and responsible, and saves the trouble, risk and expense of frequent changes in administration.

The Imperial Trusts
Company of Canada

Head Office 17 Richmond St. West

The Mutual Life
OF CANADA.You Must
Save

It's not hard to save \$50 a year—\$1 a week—when you MUST. It's not hard to protect your family, and lay up money for a day when you are ready to stop work.

An Endowment Policy in the Mutual Life makes you save, where, otherwise, the small yearly premiums would slip away in extravagances.

Write us for further particulars about our new policies, annual report, list of investments, etc.

Address, Head Office,
Waterloo, Canada.

J. S. & G. G. MILLS,
Toronto Agents, 15 KING ST. WEST

The Home Bank
OF CANADA

Dividend No. 2.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the Half Year ending November 30th, 1906, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after the First day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive.

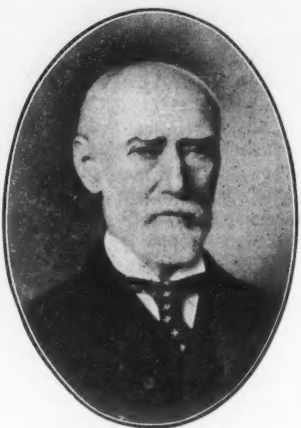
By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON, General Manager.
Toronto, October 17th, 1906.

Head Office: 9 KING ST. WEST.
City Branches open 7 to 9 o'clock Saturday—
78 Church Street, Queen West and Bathurst.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



H. P. DWIGHT,
Toronto

Montreal, Nov. 8.

LA PRESSE, Montreal's great

French-Canadian daily paper,

has once more changed hands, this

time going back to the founder,

Hon. T. Berthiaume. If all could

be told, what a marvellous story

of high finance and political in-

trigue is covered by the passing,

backward and forward, of this

property. The fact that just pre-

vious to the last general election

La Presse, at a cost of consider-

ably upward of a million dollars,

ceased to be the property of Mr.

Berthiaume, and at the same mo-

ment entered the political arena

as an independent organ, was of

itself significant. Who the new

proprietors were, and their object

in gathering in this paper of the

French-Canadian masses, was a

nine days' wonder. Gradually it

leaked out that those chiefly in-

terested in the deal were Mr. David

Russell and Mackenzie & Mann. A

peculiar combination, to say the

least. What were the motives

which stirred this great firm of

railway builders to enter into a

deal for the purchase of a French

daily newspaper in the city of

Montreal? Were Mackenzie &

Mann thinking of a "Mackenzie &

Mann Atlantic-Pacific

system," a railway which they

might construct under a

Conservative Government, thereby

connecting up the loose

threads of the Canadian North-

western, making it at once, and

without further parley, a great

trans-continental line? It was

just at this time that A. G. Blair,

close personal friend of David

Russell, resigned his portfolio in

the Laurier Government. What

had the Minister of Railways in

mind when he resigned his post in

the midst of a political contest?

What had Blair and Russell and

Mackenzie & Mann in common?

La Presse was purchased for a

purpose; also evident. But

somewhere, somehow, something

missed fire. La Presse did not

come out hotfoot in the Conserva-

tive interests; Blair did not make

the speeches for the Conserva-

tive cause that everybody said

he would, while Russell

et al. found they had an elephant

on their hands by the name of

La Presse. Berthiaume sold the

paper for a good deal over a

million. The difference, a tidy

sum, represents experience in

French journalism to Dan Mann,

William Mackenzie, David

Russell, and one or two more

who were connected with the

deal in its early stages, and who

afterward unloaded. The end

of this story has not been

written. It will be, some day;

and it will make interesting

reading!

As a piece of downright nerve

and impertinence, not to

speak of a more serious side,

the proposed gas bargain

entered into between a lot of

Montreal aldermen and the

Light, Heat, and Power Com-

pany takes precedence over

anything of the kind that ever

happened in Canada. One

Alderman Martin, speaking

for the members of the special

aldermanic committee, makes

the official statement that a

settlement has been arrived

at with the Power Company

whereby the latter shall have

exclusive rights within the

city for both gas and electricity

for a period of thirty years; in

return for which the company shall, after the year 1915, give the city one-third of its net profits and sell gas at 90 cents per thousand feet. From now until the year 1915 the company shall not pay anything to the city beyond three per cent. of its receipts (the same bargain which is now in force) the interval being allowed in order that the company shall accumulate 20 per cent. of a reserve fund, and further, there shall be no material reduction in prices in the interval. Nothing is said regarding gross receipts. It is the net profits that the city is to share in—a doubtful quantity at best. Alderman Martin further states that from twenty-five to thirty aldermen, out of a total of some forty odd, favor the report. This is the document that the men who run Montreal's financial centre have been lugging about in their pockets for some three weeks. Is it any wonder, then, that Power stock has gone practically to par in the face of a weak general market?

"It's all fixed," is the tip to buy the stock which has been going abroad; and judging from Ald. Martin's statement of the "bargain," the tip was more than an idle rumor. If this bargain goes through—though it seems hardly credible that a lot of men on whom a public trust has been imposed will have the nerve to do it—Power stock is easily worth \$125 per share; for from now on to 1915 the yearly ratio of net earnings is bound to increase very rapidly, and after that period it will be practically a guaranteed six per cent. stock.

A great thing is modern finance.

Here by one deal between a lot of shifty aldermen and an equally unscrupulous Power management, a lot of

stock, more than ten millions, worth originally nothing, for it cost nothing, being water, is now selling at par, and will, if the deal goes through, be cheap at \$125. A lot of aldermen have frittered away rights which put these ten or twelve million dollars in the hands of the Power promoters, when as a matter of fact, equity, and justice, this money belongs to the citizens, for they made it, every dollar. These are the things that make Socialistic propagandas popular and votes for men like Hearst possible.

The happiest man in Montreal financial circles just at present is B. A. Boas, already referred to in these columns. Mr. Boas is never so interested and never so happy as when kicking up a dust in financial circles. Next to drawing

dividends on his large investments, it is his chief pleasure in life. Just now he is thoroughly pleased over the row he has been able to create in Montreal Street Railway circles over the proposed issue of two million new stock at 75 per cent. premium. All sorts of charges have been trumped up against the M. S. R. management. One is that Mr. K. W. Blackwell, president and managing director of the Montreal Steel Works, and a director in a half dozen other like concerns, has no business being on the directorate of the M. S. R.; the ground being taken that he and the M. S. R. management favor the companies in which he is interested. A charge of a similar character is placed at the door of Mr. W. G. Ross, managing

director of the M. S. R. It is safe to say that both are absolutely without foundation; contracts all having been let upon their merits. Those connected with the Montreal Street Railway management are too good business men to fall by the wayside on a matter of this sort. Another charge made is that those composing the Board of Directors have very small financial interests in the road. In answer to this criticism, Senator Forget states that while the stock books of the company do not indicate it, his personal holdings of M. S. R. stock are twice that of any other holder; and the same applies to other directors as well as himself. The Senator, unlike his opponents, is not inclined to fight the matter out in the newspapers before the meeting, but is perfectly willing to meet them there and make it an oratorical Donnybrook Fair if they so desire. The M. S. R. annual statement, just issued, indicates wonderful prosperity. Since 1900 the business has almost doubled, while the present ratio of net earnings are the largest in the company's history.

ALL the money available is easily absorbed, and there is crying out for more. The demand is widespread, and so interlocked are the markets that a dearth of money in one place is felt almost everywhere. Trade activity and expansion are general, and at no former time has there been such a demand for gold to lubricate the wheels of commerce. There is every indication that the big money centres will get no relief this month, and probably not before the beginning of the New Year. This is the third week of the Bank of England 6 per cent. discount rate, and in spite of this abnormal rate the reserves of the Bank have declined instead of advanced, as had been expected. There is even a possibility of the rate being advanced to 7 per cent. It is true that the supply of American finance bills in London has been curtailed, but it is still too large. The investments in Wall Street loans by many of the banks in the British metropolis are being criticized in consequence of the home trade being jeopardized by the excessively high interest rates. The recent importations of gold, although heavy, at New York, have not resulted in the lowering of rates at that centre. The fact is that the reserves of the associated banks of that city are \$10,000,000 smaller than a month ago. The total net loss to New York owing to shipments of money to the interior since the crop movement began, is \$65,000,000, and the movement could not have been accomplished had it not been for the aid of the U. S. Treasury in stimulating the imports of about \$45,000,000 gold. Undoubtedly the immense burden which prosperity has put upon the banking credits of the world and the enormous increase in the cost of living, by reason of the advance in the prices of commodities of all kinds, produce conditions which stand as the chief menace to a business situation otherwise most magnificent.

The circulation of money in Canada is generally at its height about this time of the year. A large part of the grain in the West has now been marketed, and the bank notes in circulation will hereafter be gradually reduced through the sale of produce. The latest bank returns show that the total outstanding paper circulation was \$85,231,000, as compared with \$81,698,000 a year ago, or an increase of \$3,533,000. The Dominion note circulation was \$51,872,000, but as the banks are obliged to hold 40 per cent. of their reserves in these notes, they had in their vaults \$38,850,000, which left only \$13,022,000 outstanding. This, together with a bank note circulation of \$72,209,000, makes a total of \$85,231,000. Allowing about \$15,000,000 for specie, the money circulation in Canada is \$100,000,000.

As an indication of the state of domestic trade, the returns of the clearing house for banks

are probably about as good an index as could be mentioned. The large increases in the bank clearings at Toronto of late years far outstrip many of the more pretentious places elsewhere on this continent. Naturally, stock speculations would add materially to the figures which we are about to give, but it must be remembered that Stock Exchange business has been unusually small the past three years, and especially the transactions this year. The increases, therefore, are due to what is termed legitimate commercial business, and not to speculation. During the month of October the clearings of the banks in Toronto aggregated \$16,493,603, which are the largest on record, and nearly \$20,000,000 more than for October of last year. The previous high record was in January last, with clearings of \$109,000,000. The increase of last month over the previous high mark is, therefore, \$7,000,000. The total for the ten months of this year is \$976,783,000, as compared with \$851,081,000 for the corresponding period of 1905, \$664,040,000 during the same period in 1904, and \$675,974,000 in 1903. For the ten months of 1900 the total was \$417,820,000. The increase in six years is therefore 130 per cent. For the eleven cities in Canada, making returns, the aggregate for October was \$383,568,393, and for ten months the total was \$3,166,110,792, gains of respectively 23.1 and 17.8 per cent. over the best records of previous years.

The feature of the local stock market this week was the strength of Sao Paulo, with an advance of over 10 points. It is said that the support comes from a strong pool, who are likewise working Rio de Janeiro, which stock shows a gain of over 6 points. The advance in Sao Paulo, which pays dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, was accomplished easily, and the pool no doubt is feeding out some Rio on the strength of the former security. As well as being the strongest, these issues were also the most active ones on the list. There was a rumor that

(Continued on Page Twenty.)

HON. WM. GIBSON, President.

J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - - \$2,500,000

Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000

Total Assets - - - 30,000,000

Savings Bank Department
at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of
Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

97 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

34 Yonge Street

Cor. Queen and Spadina

Cor. Yonge and Gould

Cor. College and Ossington

Toronto Junction

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

37 King St. East.

367 Broadview Ave.

Small current accounts for business or professional men carried free of charge

Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.



\$10.00 placed on deposit in THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA every month amounts to \$199.55 in 10 years.

PROBLEM: If during those 30 years a man put \$25.00 in THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA every month—with 3 per cent. interest compounded 4 times a year—(on the 1st days of January, April, July and December)—what amount would he have to his credit at the end of that time?

Thirty years of the average man's life are working years: the time when his earning powers are at their best.



A CORNER OF THE GRILL ROOM.
(70 YONGE ST.)

A Daintily
Served
Repast

in a splendidly appointed room, with all the attendant enjoyment that comes with the best of food, superbly cooked—that is what the patrons of

The
St. Charles
Dutch Grill

are always sure of. In addition, there is good music at dinner and after the theater.

ELECTRIC FIXTURES
and ART BRONZES

Our purpose in maintaining show-rooms for Electric Fixtures, etc., is in order that consumers of our current may have the benefit of a large assortment of these goods to choose from at reasonable prices.

We have spared no efforts or expense in fitting up our show-rooms with everything up-to-date in Electric Fixtures—and it is well worth a visit to our rooms to see our display of art bronzes alone.

All pieces are chosen by a lighting expert with a view to practical lighting effects, combined with artistic appearance.

THE

Toronto Electric Light Co.

12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST LIMITED

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS
OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
—FINEST AND FASTEST—
"EMPRESSES"

FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Nov. 2nd, Friday, "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"
Nov. 10th, Saturday, "LAKE ERIE"
Nov. 16th, Friday, "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"
Nov. 24th, Saturday, "LAKE MANITOBA"

FROM ST. JOHN, N.B. TO LIVERPOOL.
Dec. 1st, Saturday, "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"
Dec. 8th, "LAKE CHAMPLAIN"
Dec. 14th, "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"

FROM MONTREAL TO LONDON DIRECT.

Walking Skirts

To Order at Special Rates

By clearing out about fifty skirt lengths of imported goods bought for high class trade, I secured such terms as will enable me to give extra value in these for a few days. The following prices represent from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. reduction:

In Black Albatross Cloth, black and white check, at \$9.00; Canvas Panama Serge, Twill, Serge, Voile, at \$10.00; Crepe de Paris, Cheviot, Twills, \$11.00; Panama, Crepe de Paris, Panama, Voile, at \$12.00; Cheviot, Eolienne, \$13.00; Silk and Wool Cord, Canvas Cheviot, Grenadine, \$14.00; Black Silk Repp, Herringbone twill, \$15.00 and \$16.00.

In Colors—Panamas, Tweeds, Cheviots, \$11; Cheviots, Panamas, Broadcloths, \$13.00; Broadcloths, \$14.00 to \$16.00.

All fitted and designed with the utmost care and attention. Out-of-town orders filled as satisfactorily as though fitted personally.

R. W. PARKINSON
56 College St., TORONTO
Phone N. 1805.

Convido Port

Convido Port helps invalids and pleases palates because it is made of the best grapes grown in the best port grape section of Portugal, the "Alto Douro." Then it is bottled right there so you can be sure it's pure, rich and sound-bodied.

made from good grapes

Warre & Co.
Oporto Portugal

Established 1670

In Canada by

D. O. ROBLIN of TORONTO

Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,

Yonge and Carlton Streets

Kayler's

130-132 Yonge Street

Have all the latest New York Novelties in Dinner Favors and After-Dinner Specialties. Special and original designs from patrons will receive careful attention.

OPEN EVENINGS

Telephone Main 6721

Water Massage Face Treatments



(with electricity) for the complexion are the very newest, nicest and best treatments you can have, accompanied by our delightful finger massage, and cool, soft, creamy, fragrant, unguents and skin foods, given by a sympathetic and experienced masseuse; the first treatment makes one look and feel younger, happier and rested.

A HOME TREATMENT for ladies who cannot come to us for treatments, consists of that excellent unguent for lines and wrinkles.

Princess Skin Food

Graham Hydro-Vacu the latter one of the best articles ever made for treating the complexion for skin troubles of all kinds. Removes and cures pimples, blotches, etc. Send for our handsome new book and sample of cream.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES etc., permanently eradicated by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
502 Church St., Toronto
Tel.—North 1666. Established 1892.

MISS MORRISON

Parisian and American Millinery, Smart Outing Hats, Wedding and Mourning Millinery a specialty.
108 King Street W., Toronto.
Phone Main 2044.

YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING

xxx.



CAPTAIN J. H. ELMSELEY,
Royal Canadian Dragoons, recently transferred to a cavalry regiment in India.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Somerville's tea at Atherley on Wednesday was a notably attractive function, and the new decoration of the handsome salons was greatly admired. The color tone is Rose du Barry, the pleated brocade curtains and the tinted walls softly glowing, and the delicate, fine lace of costly curtains looking most ethereal. There was any amount of Beauty roses everywhere, in the salons, on the tea-table, and in nooks and corners, with handsome palms. An orchestra discoursed sweet music, and Atherley glowed with light from basement to attic (and the "attics" at Atherley are the prettiest rooms ever nestled *sous les toits*.) Mrs. Somerville's gown was of a faint rose pink, with yoke, and plastron to the hem of beautiful cream lace. Her daughter, who was a capital assistant hostess, wore a deep red frock, and, charmingly *coiffée*, became it well. Any number of ladies were at the tea, including Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Hugh and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Cattanch, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, the Misses Machray, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. H. C. and Miss McLeod, Mrs. and the Misses Rolland Hills, Mrs. Tom Wood and her sister, Miss Rafael; Mrs. Kennin, Mrs. Francis and Miss Wardrop, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. and Miss Grace Hemming, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. and Miss Austin, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Oliver Adams, Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem, Mrs. McClung and Miss Norma Stevens, Mrs. and Miss Josephine Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse, a fair-haired girl who looked very well in a soft rose gown and white hat; Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mrs. Tom Clark and Miss Mary Clark, Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston.

Here are a few of the nosegay of girls which Old Father Time regards enviously in their first season: Miss Frou LeMesurier, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Mary Jarvis (a grand-daughter of Sir Emilius Irving), Miss Phyllis Kingsmill, Miss Marjorie Fellowes, Miss Lillian Crowther, Miss Lois Duggan, Miss Charlotte Gooderham, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Meta Cross, Miss Florence Crawford, Miss Augustine Adams, Miss Gypsy Grasset, Miss Norah Gwynn, Miss Clara Foy, Miss Marjorie Spence, Miss Mabel Lennox, Miss Maudslon, Miss Beatrice Webster, Miss Lena Coady, Miss Norma Armstrong, Miss Annie Hagarty, Miss Ruth Rathbun, Miss Evelyn Kerr, Miss Amy Sinclair, Miss Olive Buchanan, and Miss Violet Wadsworth.

The engagement of Miss Emma Plimsoil King, daughter of Mr. R. W. King, Markham street, to Mr. R. Dundas McLeod, is announced, the ceremony to take place the last week in November, in St. Alban's Cathedral.

Mrs. T. M. McIntyre of Toronto has been visiting Mrs. A. J. Pearson, Belvidere avenue, Cleveland, who gave a tea in her honor on Thursday week. Some forty guests, including many former pupils of Mrs. McIntyre, when that lady was Principal of the Bloor street ladies' college, were among those present. Mrs. Rufus Andrews, one of them, gave some pretty musical selections which were much appreciated.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. Cross gave a large and pleasant tea in honor of her daughter's *debut*, Miss Meta Cross being one of this season's unfolding buds. There is no home in Toronto where the daughters of the house and their young friends enjoy themselves more heartily together, and the usual atmosphere of cordiality prevailed when the dowagers and matrons accompanied by their young people, gathered in great numbers to wish Miss Meta a bright and joyous season. Mrs. Cross, looking very well, received and the debutante, in her pretty silk and lace frock, with a huge sheaf of crisp salmon pink carnations on her arm, stood beside her. To say the rooms were filled is far within the fact, but the crowd was a gay one, and in the dining room there was a quintette of debutantes assisting Miss Cross who for diversity of charm and general loveliness are not to be excelled. Miss Margery Fellowes, tall and fair, in white, with enthusiastic anticipations of her winter's fun, Miss Mary Jarvis, a brunette beauty, who wore a pale pink chapeau and very becoming dress, Miss Lillian Crowther, in a smart frock of Dresden silk, the sweetest and most good-natured of little ladies, with the kindest care of all her friends, Miss Phyllis Kingsmill in a lovely white gown and plumed toque, a girl so spontaneous and delightful that she is already among the prime favorites, and sweet dark-eyed Miss Frou Le Mesurier, also daintily gowned in white, who seems quite the pet of her circle. And there were debutantes among the guests, whose coming out teas have recently

taken place or are still in the offing; most fetching of them all was little golden-haired Miss Muriel Jarvis, in a smart white costume braided in gold. It seems almost as if there are no shy or awkward girls coming out now-a-days, but with all their unaffected and merry ways, there are few who have the poise and graceful manner of little Miss Jarvis. It would be quite impossible to give a list of the hundreds of ladies at Mrs. Cross's tea, for the hostess and her family have a large acquaintance in a city which has been always their home. Mrs. Cross gave a young folks dance this week also for her daughter, the fourth of the happy family, whose coming out has been so pleasant an event in society. Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. Francis and the Misses Wardrop were most kind in assisting at their niece's *debut*.

Dr. Charles Pearson and Miss Anderson of Woodstock are to be married on next Wednesday in Woodstock. The usual farewells and good wishes are being tendered the happy "elects." Miss Anderson is a clever girl, a Bachelor of Arts of University of Toronto.

Toronto hostesses will oblige by sending notice of a change of address or reception day as soon as possible to this column, that I may include them in the November list begun this week, and continued until December 1, as I have not room for separate and detailed notices.

Mrs. Cattermole and Mrs. Waterman, (*nee* Cattermole) are spending a month with Mrs. Cattermole, Junior, at 619 Spadina avenue.

Lady Pellatt was one of last week's hostesses at a large function, an afternoon tea, on Friday at which a huge lot of people rendered themselves, as the French put it. The hostess, whom all her friends are glad to see so strong and well this season, received in the drawing-room, which was beautifully lighted and decorated. The guests found the way to a fascinating Moorish tea-room in the basement where the generous hospitality which always reigns was again *en evidence*. There was music on the landing and bowers of palms in the tea room with many choice and fragrant flowers. Lady Pellatt's sincere and hearty greeting to her friends was not the least appreciated of the many good things of the afternoon.

Lady Augusta Fane, as bright and charming an Englishwoman as Toronto has seen in many moons has been entertained on every hand during the past fortnight. Lady Augusta is so good a sportswoman that she never misses a chance to follow the hounds, and has been in the saddle many times during her visit. On Saturday she was at the meet at Chudleigh. On Tuesday there was a meet and a run north of the city. Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn who has been Lady Augusta Fane's hostess recently, brought her to Government House reception last Thursday.

Colonel and Mrs. Greville-Harston of Willcock street have their nephew, Mr. Gerald Harston, out from England on a visit. He arrived last week. Friends of his sister, Miss May Harston, (who spent a winter here a couple of years ago) will be glad to hear of her well-being. Mr. Harston is a tall and handsome young Englishman, who may remain in Canada some time.

The marriage of Miss Louise Evelyn Breithaupt of Berlin and Dr. John Roland Parry of Hamilton took place on October 31 in Zion Church, Berlin, Reverend Pastor Damm assisted by former Pastor Wagner performing the ceremony, Miss E. Zellner presiding at the organ, and Mrs. Robert Parry of Hamilton singing "O Fair, O Sweet and Holy" most expressively. The bride wore an imported robe of *crepe de soie* with Alpine embroideries, and rose point lace. Her veil was crowned with the orange blossoms worn by her mother at her bridal, and her bouquet was a shower of Bride roses and lily of the valley. Her sister, Miss Lillian Breithaupt, was maid of honor, in white embroidered *mousseline de soie*, with Maltese lace, a plumed hat of white panne velvet and a sheaf of pink mums. Miss Roos and Miss Edna Breithaupt wore costumes of the same and carried mauve mums, and Miss Anthes and Miss Macdonald who were two of the quartette of maids carried yellow mums and wore frocks like their comrades in their happy duties. Two flower girls, Ella Anderson, niece of the groom, and Margaret Breithaupt, carried baskets of mums. Mr. Lewis Eager of Hamilton was best man. Mr. Percival Montague, Mr. Charles Hall, Mr. Kells Hall of Hamilton and Mr. W. Ogden of Toronto were the ushers. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, Mr. L. J. Breithaupt. After the ceremony a reception and a *dejeuner* were given at Sonneck, the Breithaupt homestead, at which, among other guests, was the grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Barnabas Devitt of Waterloo, aged 95. The wedding gifts were both interesting and valuable. The groom gave the maid of honor a gold bracelet, and each of the maids an amethyst heart pendant, to the best man a signet ring and to the ushers pearl pins. Mrs. Parry's travelling gown was brown, with a mink toque touched with rose-color, and a fine set of furs to match, the gift of her father. Dr. and Mrs. Parry will reside at 93 Queen street south, Hamilton.

Major and Mrs. Gooderham's dance for the coming-out of Miss Charlotte Gooderham will take place on December 7 instead of November 23, as owing to other engagements on the 23rd some who were anxious to honor Miss Gooderham's *debut* have found it impossible to attend on the date first selected. The St. Andrew's ball necessitates the postponement for a fortnight, but everyone will probably enjoy it even more for having to wait a bit. Therefore the King Edward will be the scene of this beautiful dance on the evening of Friday, December 7.

Mrs. E. J. Lennox is giving one of the dances which are beginning to crowd the engagement-calendars of the popular society man and woman. It will be for the *debut* of her handsome second daughter, Mabel, and to celebrate her son's attainment of his majority, as Mr. Edgar Lennox comes of age this season.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Perodeau have gone to New York for a visit. They are at the St. Regis. Mrs. Mulock is giving a small house dance on November 23 for Miss Perodeau, and will later on give a larger one to her friends, as well as a large afternoon reception. This dance (November 23) will only include a few intimates, and was quite informally arranged, though I hear several guests are coming from out of town to meet the young Montreale.

THREE of the seasons' most successful suit models are shown below. Note their stylishness and exceptional value.



351—Latest Fifth Avenue Design.

Coat 16 in. long, made with fancy fitted belt, giving new Princess effect, coat slightly bloused at belt, trimmed with fancy braid, vesting of white broadcloth, trimmed with braid, lined with tulle silk, new circular skirt with pleats on both sides and front. Made in finest quality chiffon Venetian in all colors. Range 5 Cloth \$35.00

352—Stylish Tailored Design.

Coat 22 in. long. Made with fitted belt, giving Princess effect with skirt attached latest design sleeve, trimmed with velvet and fancy black braid, also fancy white vest trimmed with braid, lined with black tulle silk. Skirt new fifteen gore pleated. Made in chevrons, black, navy, brown and green. Range 4 Cloth \$35.00

355—Military Coat.

Tight-Fitting, 25 in. long, trimmed with fine silk braid, lined with black tulle silk, skirt fifteen gore pleated. Made in black and navy chevrons. Range 4 Cloth \$32.00
LININGS—We are using a special former satin Venetian.

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Scrub's Cloudy Ammonia.

Rheumatic Rings.

Varsity and the Students

THE McGill Rugby Club have been guilty of a very unsportsmanlike action. The first game on the intercollegiate schedule which was to have been played here in the middle of October was postponed on account of the two football fatalities. Though McGill agreed to this postponement at the time, they are now claiming the game by default. If their claim is allowed, and technically they seem to be within their rights, the championship is practically assured to them. The desire to win this, which will be then but an empty title, is the only explanation of their conduct. And such subordination of the true sporting spirit to the desire to win at any cost is very deplorable, particularly in a college league.

If the spirit of true sportsmanship is to be found anywhere, it should be looked for in our universities. The breath of suspicion is seldom cast upon our intercollegiate athletics. With hardly an exception they have been free, not only from the taint of professionalism, but from the discreditable manoeuvres to gain the victory at any cost so common in many sports. Such an action as that of McGill, though, when judged by ordinary standards, it seems but a trivial offence against the canons of sport, may be the entering wedge. Canadian colleges may soon be exposed to the temptations that have been besetting their American contemporaries and who shall say that they will be immune? The day may not be far distant when, as Canada grows richer and more populous, the "Shame of the Colleges" may apply to Canadian institutions as it does now across the line. At any rate such action as that of McGill will not tend to delay that time.

There has been considerable excitement around the University this week about the police row of Halloween. President Hutton has been receiving evidence from many eye-witnesses of the trouble, including the University constable and the night watchmen. Evidence has been given that some of the policemen who were concerned in the row had been drinking and that some of them had removed their numbers and insignia that might have served to identify them. Whether these grave charges can receive legal proof or not, there can be little doubt that some of the police were guilty of gross and unprovoked assaults on students. President Hutton has sent in a formal complaint to the Police Commissioners and further steps will probably be taken. Indeed criminal charges may yet be laid.

In past years there have been student rows more or less serious and at the same time often rather ridiculous. Particularly has this been the case on Halloween. But the university authorities have done their best to prevent these emements. This year the faculty and the student societies co-operated to provide alternative and harmless amusements. They were very successful and there would have been no disturbance at all had it not been for the apparently deliberate attacks by the police on the students as they were leaving the University grounds on their road homeward. It is to be hoped that the matter will be thoroughly investigated and that, if those of the police force interested, can be proved guilty, they will receive their deserts.

Toronto is too big now for student disturbances in her streets; she is not yet big enough for a lawless police force.

The student's most vulnerable spot is his stomach. Some say his pocket-book, but the two are inseparable. His pocket-book is thin and so is his diet. From October on, it is with him the seven lean months and even the pork and beans of the survey camp that he may devour in the vacation, seem an improvement. The cheap eating-house may be a good school for unrecognized genius but it is a disagreeable necessity for many a student. The cabarets and cafes of the student quarter in Paris have, in literature at least, the redeeming tint

of romance and the smoky halo of Bohemianism. But not so in Toronto. Here they are but another form of the American quick-lunch counter. There are no Trilby's in a Yonge street college cafe. Eating is a painful but necessary operation and it is not unduly prolonged.

But at least once a year, the Toronto student has a banquet down town. And there is a world of difference between a dinner and "The Dinner." At the latter, he is assured of a complement of forks and a variety of eatables. He knows that if hash or dressed heart is served it will be under some euphonious alias. And what if he has to listen to four hours of after-dinner speeches. That is but a slight reaction from the preceding gastronomic joys.

Such a consolation as this, however, cannot altogether balance the meagre fare of everyday. So there is a movement now among some of the students to try to take over the management of the University Dining Hall. At the present time this hall is managed by a committee of the faculty and the contract for the supplying of meals is let out to the steward. The meals supplied under this system, though perhaps as good as could be expected, have always been the object of general abuse. The stained glass windows of the Dining Hall in the old west wing of the Main Building, have often cast their various colors on a most unanimously grumbling assemblage. So some of the students think that by taking over its management and appointing a committee of themselves to run it, they can have much better success than at present. Perhaps they can. At Harvard there are several Students' Commons managed in this way and they give general satisfaction. One hall at Harvard accommodates 1100 students. Though the University Dining Hall here is much smaller and its arrangements somewhat antiquated, it might be managed successfully by a student committee. The experiment is worth trying even if considered only as an addition to the educational curriculum.

GOWN.

AMATEUR GOLFERS I HAVE PLAYED

By James Baird

BRITISH OPEN CHAMPION

IN the course of a professional's routine he is called upon from day to day to play with amateur golfers of every conceivable disposition, temperament and method. He has thus more opportunities of noticing their diversities and comparing them than any amateur has, and one of the things that most impresses him after many years of experience is that there should be such great differences in human nature, and that people so widely contrasted in every respect should find an equal interest in the same game. Golf is indeed a grand equalizer.

I mentioned difference of method. The style of no two golfers is exactly alike, but among professional players the differences are not so pronounced since they generally try to conform so far as possible to what are regarded as standard systems of play. Among amateurs you see a most extraordinary variety of style and method partly because they have nobody else to consider but themselves, partly because they have no championships in view. I suspect, however, the eccentricities are largely due to having got into bad habits when they were young and persisted in them. In the case of amateur golf the thing that impresses one very deeply is the remarkable success that some players achieve when making their shots by entirely original and unorthodox ways. This remark applies particularly to putting. There seems to be a thousand different ways of holing the ball, but one of the most curious I have ever seen is that adopted by a well-known amateur with whom I frequently play.

Instead of taking his stand at the side of the ball he stands right at the back of it, thus having it between him and the hole. Then he holds his putter in front of him, back-handed and with one hand only, and so he puts. Having remarked upon this method as a very extraordinary idiosyncrasy, let me hasten to add my high appreciation of its effectiveness. This gentleman is one of the very best and deadliest putters I have ever seen.

The class of amateur I like to play with best—no matter what his handicap—is he who takes some pains to settle the odds between us, and then, convinced that he has got a chance, even if he is playing against a man who has had the good fortune to win the Open Championship, plays his very best from the start, and never gives in until he is beaten. He plays his game in comparative silence, in great earnestness, and he makes a close study of his opponent's game in order to pick up all the new wrinkles that he can. Unfortunately

this type is rather scarcer than it ought to be.

An enormous proportion of players seem constantly to suffer from a kind of nervousness, something akin to stage fright, when they are matched with a man who has won some of the big prizes of the golfing world. It is quite obvious that, anxious as they are to play a few strokes better than their usual game, they are failing utterly to play anything like as well as they usually do. The worst of it is that it is so very difficult to put such people on to their game while they are with them when they have lost it in this way.

It may seem an odd thing to say, but I commonly derive as much enjoyment from the game as at any other time in my life when playing men with quite long handicaps who are yet very strenuous and earnest golfers, who fight you for all they are worth, even though they may be getting nearly a stroke a hole and are several holes down. Even they constantly find something to cheer them up, and there are periods of very keen rivalry between us.

For example, I played with the same amateur dozens of times at Walton Heath before at last I won the longest hole on the course from him. Sometimes, according to the odds agreed upon, he got a stroke there and at other times he had none, but in either case he always won the hole or halved it. Thus we got to looking forward with the very utmost keenness to playing this hole. They were the moments of the round that we lived for.

A curious fate seemed to pursue my play at that hole. I was always getting into the most unexpected and the most irritating trouble, but eventually one day last spring the spell was broken and I won the hole, though I had no business to do so, for the amateur flung it at me with a shockingly bad short approach, prior to which he had a dead certain half and a very likely hole.

Some amateurs I have played with have never seemed able to convince themselves that I was playing my best. Luckily these sceptics are very few. Golf would not be worth playing if one did not always play one's best, no matter who the opponent is; but these people are not satisfied that you are trying hard unless you drive 260 yards every time and usually lay the ball stone dead with your mashie approach.

One time an amateur and I had a very interesting round. He was playing much above his form without knowing it, and as I was giving him plentiful odds I had difficulty in just beating him. He was quite satisfied in a way, but said that he was convinced that I was not trying or he would never have held me as he did for the greater part of the game. "Of course," I said, "I couldn't be really trying, could I, or I should not have been within two strokes of the record of the course, as I was?"

A very tantalizing man is he who puts everything down to the club and little or nothing to the man; he is so very uncomplimentary without really meaning to be so. You hit a real "screamer" from the tee and he exclaims, "Gad, Baird, that's a fine ball! What club did you do that with?" Later on you do a pretty creak shot and he calls out, "Grand shot, Baird! I must buy a creak like that." Then with a really nice mashie shot you lay the ball dead to the hole he insists on examining the club, and at last cannot refrain from asking how much you will let it for.

Let me not omit to say that I have found many lady golfers to be among the very keenest, and they are invariably painstaking pupils. One of them once set me the very hardest task I have ever had set me in my life. She and I were playing the twelfth hole at Walton Heath, which is one of the short ones, and I had to give her a stroke there. She did it in one. I had to do it in none to have and in one less than nothing to win. I gave the hole to my lady opponent without playing it out, and one of my

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We shall show a very fine assortment of colored silks for rich gowns, delicate shades of blue, shell pink, Nile, turquoise, mais, helio, grey; also white, ivory and cream, in French paillette and messaline silks, French and Swiss taffeta silks, French satin and cord de Chine silks.

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TORONTO JUNCTION

kind amateur friends said—very inaccurately as I believe—that that was the only thing I had ever given.

Attend New York Horse Show— West Shore Excursion.

A splendid opportunity will be afforded to attend the famous New York Horse Show, as West Shore Railroad announces a \$9.00 round trip rate from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo to New York, November 20th, tickets good returning on or before United States Thanksgiving Day, November 29th. Good on all trains. Address L. Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto. Telephone Main 4361.

One of the happy memories of a summer holiday in Eastern Canada is the trip from Montreal to Sydney or Halifax by the Intercolonial Railway. In robust health, or in semi-invalidism, one may enjoy this perfect route with pleasure, and too much cannot be said of the excellence of the road-bed, the comfort of the cars or the kindness and civility of conductors and porters. I am writing rather feelingly, and not in the mechanical tone suspected by the public, for I travelled East last summer by this line, when, under some circumstances, travel would have been almost impossible. Everything that could be done to sustain and cheer was done for me by everyone connected with the train. Conductor Gravel and his porter, Pinheiro, a West Indian, who has been half a lifetime in such service, shall never be forgotten for their goodness and solicitude, and I must not omit the genial chap in charge of the dining-car, who certainly did not let me starve in solitary grandeur in my enforced horizontal position. It is easy to make one's way, when in health and surrounded by friends and attendants, but the test of the good will, comfort and capacity of a railway is one's remembrance of a long journey alone, ill and dependent on the care of officials, which apparently is perfect, on the line from Montreal to the sea. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the charms of the journey, when one is well and about. The beautiful little glimpses of the habitant country, the quaint folk and little towns and churches, the view of Quebec sitting stately, across the river, and seen to great advantage as one passes, the lovely lakes away down east, the rushing salmon streams and beetling hills, the wonderful sunset at the Canso ferry, a scene of beauty I always anticipate all day; the peeps at Bic, with its

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great boulders and broad stream when the early bird gets coming west, the succession of dear little watering places, where one's friends are abiding, and, finally, the dear old Halifax city, or the Sydney "jumping-off place." I know little of other Canadian roads, their beauties or their charm, beyond the immediate vicinity of Toronto, but I have an exceeding warm spot in my heart for the Intercolonial, since last summer's experience.

LADY GAY.

While on the Wing.

The manner in which birds that have been wounded either by shot or trap recover is little short of marvellous.

There is on record a case of a partridge walking about and thriving without any feet at all, while pheasants have been found in surprisingly good condition after losing part or all of their beaks.

In another case a landrail is known to have recovered and lived after having one of its wings detached by flying against a telegraph wire.

Birds are liable to very curious accidents. It seems almost incredible that a bird should break its wing in mid-air by the mere exertion of flight, yet several accidents of that kind are known to have happened. The great impetuosity of the flight of many birds is a common source of danger. Golden plovers and grouse frequently kill themselves while on the wing by dashing against stone walls.

Some idea of the force with which a bird passes through the air is shown by the fact that on one occasion a

common curlew dashed right through a pane of plate glass in a lighthouse lantern an inch and a quarter thick.

Great numbers of birds are killed by flying against telegraph wires, and incidents are on record of swallows being killed by golf and cricket balls.

Love is Blind.

Mrs. Newed—And do you really and truly love me, George?

Newed—Of course, I do my dear.

Mrs. Newed—But some people are saying that you married me just because my uncle left me a fortune.

Newed—Now don't let that worry you, dear, for there isn't a word of truth in it. I'd have married you just the same even if some other relative had left you the money.—Chicago News.

Mr. Kipling's Light.

It was by an accident that Mr. Kipling got his famous title. "The Light That Failed." He had almost decided to call the novel "The Failure," although he was dissatisfied with this. One evening as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight the light went suddenly down—almost failed, in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up, exclaiming excitedly: "By Jove! I've got it!" Pointing to the lamp, he said: "The Light That Failed."

"I can marry a rich girl whom I do not love, or a penniless girl whom I love dearly. Which shall I do?"

"Follow your heart, man, and be happy. Marry the poor one. And, say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other.—Cleveland Leader.

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take a glass of this
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bottle of which we
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SPORTING COMMENT

None of the Toronto daily papers this week appeared a letter from one of the backers of the Argonauts, who were beaten at Rugby on Saturday by the Tigers of Hamilton. The contest was one of the closest ever witnessed, and the winners were only two points ahead at the finish. The writer of the letter begged the people of Hamilton to be true sports, to cease their foolish crowing and admit that the Argonauts played the Tigers to a finish, and that the visitors won by sheer luck.

Against this let me set off another letter, written without knowledge of the first—written to me by a Hamilton reader, who protests against the tone of the sporting editors of the Toronto daily papers in discussing the match. His complaint is that the Toronto sporting editors make no attempt to discuss the match on its merits or to conceal their furious bias, but ascribe the victory of the Tigers to luck. There is, he says, in a well-fought match, a shifting of luck from one side to the other—it is part of the game, and must be taken as it comes. The Argonauts, for instance, had a bit of luck early in the game, when they converted one point into five by means of a lucky kick, that nine times out of ten would not have come off.

It is quite a trick to know how to win and to know how to lose gracefully.

It is the most difficult thing that a man has to learn in sport, and mightily few ever learn it, even in milder and more courteous games than football. The man who can step up, shake hands, and put genuine cordiality into his admission that he lost and the other won, and that the result is as it should be, is a mighty rare fellow. Sometimes the winner behaves badly. A local golfer, new to the game and nervous, was roundly beaten in a match, and was addressed thus by his vanquisher: "I don't enjoy a walk-over game like I've had to-day. There's no pleasure in it. I'd rather not have played at all."

As a rule it is the loser who needs to put a check on himself. Losers are disposed to growl, grumble, make excuses, that were better left unsaid. Let us suppose for a moment that the result of the Tiger-Argonaut game had been reversed—would the Toronto papers and the Argonaut rooters have ascribed the victory to sheer, blind luck? Would they not have given way to inarticulate yells of delight, smashed each other's hats, torn each other's clothes, carried the Argonauts aloft in chairs and pronounced them the greatest ever. Of course they would. They would not have called it luck. They would have described it as the greatest football ever seen.

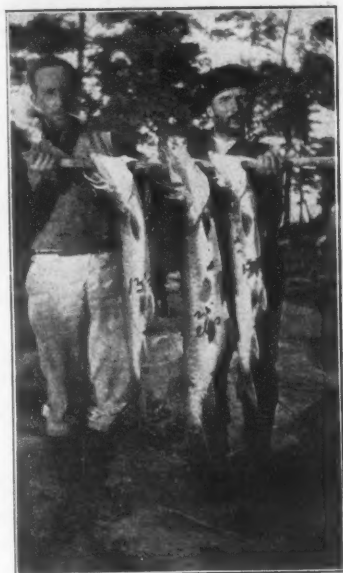
But the writer of the Toronto letter and the writer of the Hamilton letter are both wasting ink. Human nature will have its way. The victor will grin and laugh and be glad. The loser will growl and make excuses. Even should the players not do so, the great unwashed multitude will do the scolding, and supply the yells of glee and the growls of disgust.

Did you see the big game Saturday? If not, you missed the cleanest, fastest exhibition of snap-back ever seen in this neck of the woods. In fact there are lots of people who pronounce it the best game of football they ever saw.

Of course it was to be a free-lunch for the Tigers, just a sort of preliminary canter for the Dominion championship, and many, many carloads of peasants came down from the waving corn to see their pets feed. Nothing was neglected to make the feast a success. Music that tames the savage breast was to be furnished in lavish profusion by the Rooters' Club, an organization that combines the functions of village choir and Roman mob. That their vocal efforts were not a howling success and did not measure up to the advance notices, was the result of the unkind buffets of fate, and should give rise to no resentment. For a short while, a very short while, they performed prodigious musical feats under the leadership of one Murphy, but later succumbed to a severe attack of that distressing ailment—chilled feet. The prominent symptoms of this affliction are lack of exuberance and a wistful, tense expression of countenance most painful to see. The Rooters' Club blossomed and faded in a moment of time. Let us drop a tear for it's untimely end.

Now, don't imagine from this that the Argonauts won. They didn't. They were bumped 10-8, but the only Tiger supporter whose hair didn't stand on end during the whole match was the bald-headed man with the diamond stud, and his ears twitched terribly.

There was all sorts of confidence among the Tiger supporters before the match. Large numbers of them, rendered sap-headed by the previous



A. L. LEWIS, JOE KIRBY, Guide
Toronto Honey Harbor
AN HOUR'S CATCH ON GEORGIAN BAY

brilliant performances of their team, wagered big sums in real money that they would win by at least ten points; hence the number of Argonauts who are paying their accounts this week in bills bearing a fine engraving of the Bank of Hamilton. Every little bit helps.

Everyone who saw the match must have been satisfied that they got their money's worth. It is years since two such evenly-matched teams stepped on a local gridiron, and the superb efforts put forth by each to land a victory were productive of some of the finest head and footwork ever seen in these parts. Where have you seen better tackling and better punting? Not anywhere. And considering the closeness of the game and the results hanging on a win for either side, there were very few mistakes of judgment.

It was a game to warm the cockles of the heart and was in the highest degree comforting to local admirers of the sport. It seems hard to believe, but we at last have a team that can take the measure of the mighty Tigers. They are the Terrors of the Jungle no longer. No more will



"Some people suffer horribly at football games."

they devour their weaker brethren with greedy zest, but must fight for their existence the same as the others. 'Tis better thus. As the Teutonic philosopher puts it, "Enough is enough and sometimes plenty."

It is now apparent that we are to go another winter without the opportunity of seeing a hockey match in Toronto in a rink suited to the purpose. How long will it be before we outgrow our village clothes in this respect? There are small towns we are fond of sneering at that can give us cards and spades in the matter of a rink, and then win out.

It is peculiar that in Toronto, where there is always plenty of money to chuck into questionable stocks and "phony" mining propositions, there doesn't seem to be a cent forthcoming for a profitable investment like this. A large arena, properly managed, would bring in returns that would make a Cobalt prospector's dream look like church collection, and yet here we are just where we were ten years ago—without a rink worthy of the name.

It is promised that we will have one next year for sure, with all modern improvements, but we have heard this ancient wheeze so often that it has lost its power to charm, and we must positively refuse to be convinced till the evidence is produced.

Now comes the time of perplexity for the hockey tourist. For weeks he has been receiving offers of place and preferment, together with a bundle of legal tender in return for his services in the cause of sport. Shall he go to Michigan, where they chop off your eyebrow with the greatest good feeling, or stay near home, where less barbaric methods prevail? It is a hard thing to decide, and the financial recompense thereunto annexed makes it all the harder.

Your tourist need never face the grinning teeth of want. A job is his for the asking wherever he may be. It matters not if nature and training intended him for a carpenter. The town of his adoption would not be doing the right thing if it failed to get him a position applying the requi-

site moisture to postage-stamps at so much per and found. This is his daily task, and at night he disports himself on the ice for the edification of the town's chivalry and beauty at fifty cents a head. Oh, thrice-happy tourist, what a cinch is thine!

There has been some good track work during 1906, and a new claimant for the 100-yard record has come forward in the person of Dan M. Kelly, an Oregon boy, who, at Spokane, on June 23, made the distance in 9 3-5 seconds. A month earlier, at Eugene, Ore., Kelly made the dash in 9 4-5 seconds, tying the previous world's record, held jointly by John Owen Jr., B. J. Wefers, J. H. Rush, W. A. Shick, Clyde Blair, W. D. Eaton and Charles L. Parsons. It would be strange if seven men could reach the hundred yards in 9 4-5 seconds, and yet nobody come along to take off another fraction. On May 12, C. Witham of the University of Pennsylvania was credited with a new record of 9 3-5 seconds, but the performance does not go on record, as Witham's subsequent performances showed that the speed was not in him. It is probable that the record of Kelly of Oregon will not be accepted either, and that the old mark will still stand. It seems that Kelly only beat a rank outsider named Cary by five feet, which would suggest that Cary was also beating the previous world's record by a shade, which is very improbable, and throws doubt on Kelly's performance. His friends, however, insist that he did it, and will do it again next year. They say that Cary was a professional under an assumed name, with a mark of 9 4-5 seconds. At any rate, the old record will stand for the present. Dan Kelly, at Spokane, is also credited with making the 220 yards in 21 1-5 seconds, tying the world's record, made by B. J. Wefers, on May 30, 1896. But it is thought that Kelly's claim will not be accepted. O'Boyle, at Scranton, was credited with 21 1-5 seconds in the 220-yard event, but the claim has been thrown out on the ground of defective timing. The most notable record broken during the year was that of the Marathon race at Athens, by W. J. Sherring of Hamilton. He covered the 26 miles in 2 hours, 51 minutes, 23 3-5 seconds, beating the time made by Loues, the Greek, in 1896, 2 hours, 55 minutes and 20 seconds. Sherring lopped off nearly four minutes. Yeato's time at St. Louis, in 1904, were much inferior.

The Generous-Minded Alderman.

Congressman James Breck Perkins on a visit to New York the other day, called on an old friend down town, an alderman. While they were chatting, an Italian couple came in and asked in broken English if the alderman would unite them in marriage. The alderman performed the ceremony, and, after accepting the modest fee, politely handed the bride an umbrella.

The Congressman observed the proceedings gravely, and after the couple went out, asked: "Do you always do that, Charles?" "Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes."

"No, I mean give the bride a present."

"A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the alderman.

"No, it was mine," replied the Congressman, sadly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WAGNER, THE FAMOUS DRIVER.

Cool, calm and collected was the attitude of Louis Wagner while driving his famous "Darracq" racer over the 290-mile course in the Vanderbilt Cup race. Even when his machine attained the speed of 100 miles an hour, he showed no sign of tremor or stage fright that characterized the driving of the other contestants. Without the least indication of fear, he dashed around the corners at a speed almost incredulous.

Louis Wagner is an out and out Parisian, having been born in the gay French metropolis November 2, 1881. His entire training has been acquired with the "Darracq" Company, and he



WAGNER IN HIS "DARRACQ" RACER.

has to his credit a long series of victories and record-breaking runs. During 1904 he spent the greater portion of his time in the French army, but by securing special leaves of absence, he was permitted to participate in several speed contests, in which he displayed such remarkable ability as a driver that the "Darracq" Company selected him to drive one of its powerful heavy cars in 1905, since which time he has met with one continuous

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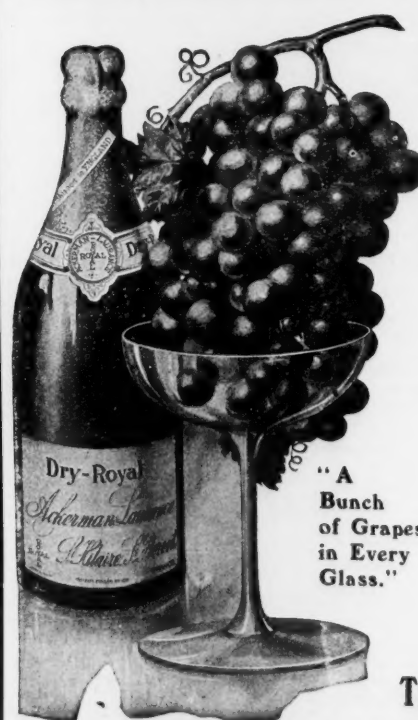
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A QUESTION OF LONGITUDE

By
Edward Noble

"DIEGO GARCIA."

"CAPTAIN RITCHIE, of the R.M.S. (Socotra), reports that on May 15 last he obtained a series of observations, taken under admirable atmospheric conditions, which place the longitude of Marianne Point 0° 17' 35" west of the position assigned to it on the Admiralty charts. Having regard to the dangers existing in this locality, and the difficulty of obtaining reliable sights during the S.W. monsoon, mariners are advised to exercise extreme caution when making this Point until a new survey has been made." (Vide "Instructions to Mariners.")

"THIS," said the Chief, as he waved his hand towards the adjacent atoll, "is practically terra incognita, Miss Freda. I wonder whether you are interested?"

"One is naturally attracted by the unknown," Miss Carrington replied with a smile, and without taking her eyes off the Chief's bronzed face. "But it is all too far off, too remote, for actual study."

"Would you care about a closer inspection? I will try to get you a boat if you would like a run ashore."

"I should enjoy it above all things; but one could not go alone, could one?"

"There is Captain Ritchie," said the Chief slowly.

"Yes, there is Captain Ritchie," Miss Carrington returned even more slowly. "But, do you know, Mr. Thirmiger, I am not at all sure that Captain Ritchie is quite the—the how shall one put it?"

"Is there any need, Miss Freda?"

"I don't know that there is," she returned, and relapsed into silence.

"I thought," the Chief resumed, "that perhaps you would like to get a party together. The boat will hold several, you know."

"Some people," Miss Freda returned with an impressive gesture, "like that kind of thing; it amuses them. But I don't wish to be amused. One does not, naturally, when one is exploring the unknown; one likes them."

"You are quite right, Miss Freda," said the Chief as she paused, uncertain. "At such a time one naturally wishes to be alone."

"Or with a friend, Mr. Thirmiger. Two, you know, can exchange ideas so much better than a party."

"That is quite true," said the Chief in the tone of a man enunciating a novel proposition.

"Especially," added Miss Freda, "when one of the two knows his subject."

"Captain Ritchie—"

"No," said Miss Freda firmly, "Captain Ritchie does not know his subject. He theorises vaguely, and skirts it, apparently very profoundly, but I fancy his acquaintance with Diego Garcia is extremely limited."

"He was here some months, you know, Miss Freda, studying the zoology of the place; but if—"

The Chief halted and looked at the pretty girl beside him.

"But if—?" she questioned, smiling.

"But if—that is, I wish I were well up in that sort of thing. I should—"

"What sort of thing do you mean, Mr. Thirmiger?" she asked, still smiling.

"Zoology and physics and bacteria, you know."

"Do you think," she questioned, a puzzled expression knitting her pretty forehead, "that a knowledge of bacteria and physics is quite necessary to enable one to enjoy terra incognita?"

"Perhaps it isn't," said the Chief hopefully.

"I am sure it isn't," she replied quite firmly.

"Then I may see what I can do about the boat?"

"Do," she returned. "It would be delightful."

"So do I," returned the Chief.

"Captain Ritchie is so ponderous, Mr. Thirmiger."

"Do you know," said the Chief slowly, "I always fancied you liked him."

"Mr. Thirmiger!"

"As a friend, of course," he explained.

"It is rather silly to put girls in charge of the Captain, isn't it?"

"It's idiotic," said the Chief decidedly. "But," he added a little wistfully, "you will go?"

"I am sorry. I fear I must," she sighed. "Can't you get away also?"

"Do you wish me to get away?"

"I think it would be rather jolly, you know," she replied, smiling.

"Do you, Miss Freda?" cried the Chief. "Then I will work it—somehow."

"I shall be delighted. But—"

Yes, Mr. Thirmiger, I have rings on, and they do dig in so—abominably.

Before the Chief could reply, a voice sounded close beside them.

"Beg pardon, sir—Commander's compliments, sir—and he would like to see you in his room as soon as possible."

A white-clad quartermaster stood just without the boat's bow, saluting.

Right. Oh, by the way, I have arranged a picnic affair—something for the people to do—keep them out of mischief and out of the coal-dust, you know. You could get the launch and one of the lifeboats ready in half an hour, I suppose? Thanks—Yes, I wish you would. It looks cool under the palms away yonder, and the people like a bit of excitement.

"Will you accompany them, sir?" asked the Chief, as he took the glass the boy handed.

"I propose to go ashore as soon as possible, get everything in train, and then come back to put the ship in the lagoon—perhaps about two o'clock—at all events, as soon after as possible. The reefs should show up by that time. Oh, by the way, would either of the juniors care about joining us?"

"The third and fourth might. Richardson and I will remain."

"Of course. That is understood."

"Quite so," said the Chief. Then he sipped his whiskey thoughtfully awhile.

"There is one thing I should like to look into, sir," he continued, after a slight pause. "Our landfall this morning was a good deal astray. Richardson is quite certain of his

chronometers—an opinion which I understand you hold also, sir—and I have reasons for doubting the accuracy of the chart. I believe the longitude is out—a fact I noticed when I was navigating the Pearl and I should very much like to be able to verify it."

"I wish you would, Thirmiger," returned the Commander, immediately interested in his pet theory as to the inaccuracy of the surveys. "I wish you would—although really it is disgraceful that the testing of these points should be left to the merchant service men. Depend upon it, Thirmiger, I will back you if you can prove your suspicion is correct."

"Otherwise," said the Chief as he gazed thoughtfully into the empty glass, "I would not dream of leaving the ship."

"Under no other circumstances would I sanction it," said the Commander emphatically. "It is most important the people should understand that discipline is kept on board the Socotra as rigidly, sir, as though she flew the white ensign instead of the blue."

"Quite so, sir; it is most essential." "Passengers are so observant nowadays, Thirmiger."

"That is a charitable way of putting it, Captain Ritchie," said the Chief.

"Naturally," replied the Commander with a shrug, "one wishes to be as

charitable as possible in such a matter."

"At what hour do you wish the boats ready, sir?" the Chief questioned as he rose to go.

"Shall we say twelve o'clock? That will allow you a full hour to get up steam on the launch."

"At twelve o'clock, sir, they shall be at the gangway."

"And, Thirmiger," added the Commander as the Chief left the room, "don't forget that to enable us to rap it into the hydrographers with any effect, accuracy is most essential."

"Very good, sir," said the Chief. "I will see to it. I will take the observations myself."

"Do," returned the Commander as he turned away to arrange with the passengers the details of the projected picnic.

And so it happened, when everybody was ashore enjoying the novel surroundings, that shortly before four o'clock the Socotra's gig left the ship, which was now comfortably moored beside the hulk within the still lagoon, and, pulling rapidly to the entrance, landed Mr. Thirmiger, a quartermaster, some instruments and signal flags, near the high fir trees on Point Marianne.

This done, and the boat despatched to set a mark on the opposite point, the Chief crossed the narrow neck of land, and, standing on the western sea-front, took several sets of observations, whilst the quartermaster "passed the word," by means of a signal flag, to the officer on board.

Having accomplished this part of his errand, Mr. Thirmiger turned, and ascending once more to the palm-girt hilltop, came suddenly upon a detached section of the picnic party standing screened by the ferns.

"What a delightful picture!" cried a girlish voice amidst a ripple of laughter. "Why, I didn't know you were a navigator, Mr. Thirmiger!"

"Why, Mrs. Stuart and Miss Carrington," he replied as he raised his helmet, "who in the world would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Evidently you would not," said Mrs. Stuart with a smile. "The truth is, we got horribly tired of research and theory, and accepted Mr. Harrington's guidance to a more interesting neighborhood quite gladly."

"It was rather dry rot," said the third officer. "The old man" (Captain Ritchie) "has found some rare botanical specimens, fungi or something, which he intends presenting to the British Museum, and he is descending learnedly to prove the things which have evolved, you know, out of nothing, and all that sort of thing. Got awfully bored, sir, so did Miss Carrington. So I chartered a boat, and here we are."

"You put it rather funny, Mr. Harrington," laughed Mrs. Stuart merrily. "I don't wonder that you found it dull, though. I did. I prefer to study human nature always, and she glanced bewitchingly from under her exquisitely posed hat at the third officer.

"Oh, so do I," he replied, quickly meeting her. "I love it! Everything else is humbug!"

"For my part," said the Chief, "I think there is considerable fun to be got out of science and specimens; it all depends upon how you look at it. Don't you think it does, Miss Carrington?"

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Thirmiger," she returned, demurely. "Navigation, astronomy, botany, any of them, are intensely interesting to me."

"Oh, if you are going to side with the Chief, I shall persuade Mr. Harrington to take me away," said Mrs. Stuart with a destructive flash at that spick-and-span young gentleman.

"Shall I?" he questioned quickly.

"What?" she asked with falling gaze.

"Take you for a walk, you know—and study."

"It would be rather jolly. Yes, do, Freda, do you mind?"

Miss Freda smiled, looked at the Chief, and shook her head; Mrs. Stuart smiled and looked questioning at the third officer; the third officer smiled—he was not a bit shy—and offered Mrs. Stuart his hand to help her over the rather difficult path; and in another minutes they were gone.

"That was very nicely arranged, Freda," said the Chief, when, having watched the others out of earshot, he led her to a comfortable boulder under the shadow of the palms.

"And now for science. Which is it to be—navigation or botany?"

"Do you think it need be either?" she questioned with a bright glance.

"I am so tired of it. Tell me how you managed to get here."

"Oh, the longitude of the place is supposed to be a bit astray. I came over to verify it."

"That was rather neatly arranged too, wasn't it, Mr. Thirmiger?" she returned, laughing outright.

"You asked me to come," he replied. "What else could I do?"

"Only what you have done. But look!" she continued, pointing to where Mrs. Stuart's trim, white-robed figure showed amidst the palms.

"Doesn't she look sweet? And the

third officer is such a jolly fellow! Wouldn't they make an ideal couple?"

"Do you think she likes him?"

"I am sure she does," Miss Freda replied, as she dug holes in the sandy soil with the point of her stick. "You should hear her as I do in our room."

"Lucky beggar," growled the Chief. "Why," questioned Miss Freda, digging violently.

"Oh, because he can afford to chuck the service, you know, and marry comfortably. He has plenty of tin."

"That isn't everything, Mr. Thirmiger, is it?"

"It is a good deal, Miss Freda, to us poor beggars who have just our pay."

"There are lots of girls with money, Mr. Thirmiger. One would think you met a good many travelling."

"Is that logical?" he questioned, smiling. "Just now you asked whether I thought—"

"Yes, I know," she returned, flushing hotly. "But do you think, in a matter of this kind, one should bother about mere logic?"

"A man shouldn't marry for the sake of money, Miss Freda," he answered decidedly.

"You put it rather brutally, Mr. Thirmiger; but you are quite right," she returned gently. "One should never marry merely for money. But—to fall in love, you know—just because the girl happens—to have money?"

"I am not sure," said the Chief thoughtfully. "That is looking at it from a different point of view."

"Quite so, Mr. Thirmiger—the girl's point of view."

"She need never know, Miss Freda," he replied confusedly.

"She would be blind—if she didn't. And besides," she continued slowly, "suppose—the girl loved—him—you know."

"But she wouldn't," said the Chief decidedly.

"She might—you know," she whispered falteringly.

"I thought," said the Chief, as he took her hand, "that love was always blind, Miss Freda."

"In ancient history," said Miss Freda deprecatingly, "women were supposed to be blind; but that was all make-believe, because they had to be—so retiring—and modest—and idiotic—just as though—No, no, Mr. Thirmiger, please—oh, please—my rings, you know!"

"I am so sorry!" cried the Chief, as he caressed without releasing her pretty white hand.

"This morning," said Miss Freda, as she glanced sweetly from beneath her dark-fringed eyes, "you nearly broke my wrist, and now you actually refuse to release—"

"Must I release it?" he begged hurriedly. "Need I?"

"Do you want to?" she smiled.

"How can I want to? how can I want to?" he questioned suddenly, his self-control breaking entirely before the witchery of her presence. "Dear, how can I? Freda, what can I say? How can I tell you? I want you always. I want you never to leave me. Dear, what else can I say? Only that I love you! And you can dream of me after what I have told you?"

"Yes, dear," she whispered. "I can—I am afraid I do—only you were so horribly proud—that—Oh, Harry! Yes, indeed I do love you! How could I help it? But, oh, what a fright! I shall be! My hat is simply ruined. Now, isn't it, Mr. Thirmiger?"

"It looks perfectly bewitching!" said the Chief.

"And—and I don't."

"Freda," he cried, catching her to him and kissing her pretty flushed face, "you are an angel!"

"Of course I am," she flashed breathlessly. "Girls always are."

The island lay on the far horizon. The trembling vista of waving palms and leaping spray-clouds had become a misty vision in the opaline expanse. To the eastward a wide stretch of wind-swept ocean, tossing, violet, wonderful; to the westward, the setting sun, sinking like a ball of fire through luminous clouds; and between wind and water, sea and sky, a dancing black and white atom, pulsing foam and smoke-clouds—the Socotra, trembling in the sun-rays, racing to Australia with her light-hearted "studies," and news of that serious error in the longitude of Diego Garcia.

A Bad One.

"Did you ever make a mistake, Doctor?"

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Points About People

The negro vote as a combined force has entirely disappeared in the city of Toronto, but there was a time when it was an important factor in the politics of St. John's Ward, which was part of the old riding of Centre Toronto, always a more or less doubtful constituency. Shortly before one general election of the eighties, Sir John A. Macdonald came to Toronto to look over the field, and in consultation with his followers learned that things had been rendered doubtful in Centre Toronto, owing to the defection of the negro vote, which had previously been strongly Conservative.



The reason was not far to seek. A colored political worker had applied for the position of postman, and was informed that he was ineligible on account of his color. Sir John, who was staying in the old red parlor, inquired as to who was the chief worker in the Ward settlement, and was told that the most influential man was a barber named Smith, who worked in a shop in Queen street.

"Didn't he use to live in Kingston?" asked Sir John.

One of the gentlemen present said he thought he had. Then the Chief Clerk gave instructions. Some one was to drop in and suggest that he go down to the Queen's Hotel and lay the whole case before Sir John. The shop would close about eight, and Smith's movements were to be watched to see whether he would proceed to the hotel by the way of Bay street or York street. Then a swift-footed courier was to be despatched to inform Sir John of Smith's route.

At eight o'clock Sir John was smoking a cigar on the Queen's verandah, when word was brought to him that Smith was coming down York street. He at once got up and strolled in that direction, and at the corner saw the irate Smith approaching in the dusk.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" he exclaimed as the latter passed by without noticing him, and then, "Didn't you use to live in Kingston?"

The man, recognizing the speaker, was overwhelmed at being addressed by the first citizen of Canada.

"Come up to my room and let's talk about old times," said the Chief Clerk, and Smith went. A good cigar and a glass of gin were proffered. Then gradually leading up to the matter, Sir John elicited from Smith the story of the colored man's wrongs. Taking a sheet of paper, he wrote a note and said:

"Give that to your friend to-night—he is appointed. Tell him to report at the post-office to-morrow!"

The effect was magical. From that day on there was no doubt about the negro vote, and Centre Toronto at that election went Conservative.

The foregoing story throws some light on the marvelous gift of remembering names and faces, ascribed to Sir John Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and other party leaders. Many of the incidents of which party followers delight to tell, were "put up jobs" like that of Sir John and the colored barber. In 1896 Sir Wilfrid Laurier was touring Ontario and making rapid advances in popularity. One day he was going to make a speech in a town within a short run of Toronto, and a citizen of the place was wired for to come to the city and travel there with the party leader. He came, and all the way up coaxed Sir Wilfrid on the names and characteristics of the leading people he would meet. It was specially desirable that one leading man of the town should be won over. He was a comparatively young man who had built up a widely known business. Let us call him Jones the canner, for purposes of disguise. The moment arrived, men were being introduced to the Liberal leader. Mr. Jones stepped up.

"Ah," exclaimed Sir Wilfrid in his most charming

way, with a cordial handshake, "are you perhaps of the family that has made this town so famous?"

Jones blushingly acknowledged it.

"You are a son, I presume, of the head of the well-known firm. While here I should like to see through your canneries. It is a pleasure I have promised myself. And I hope to meet your father—he has built a great business."

Jones was compelled to explain that he was the Jones—it was he who had built up the great business, and Sir Wilfrid was astonished that one so young had accomplished so much. Such flattery would land anybody. It landed Jones. He swung his influence and energies into line and elected the Liberal candidate.

Take another case. When I was a boy I had an uncle who considered Sir John Macdonald the greatest man in the world, and he went to his grave much cheered by an incident which I will relate. Sir John came to the neighborhood, and my uncle fell into line with hundreds of others to shake hands with the Chief Clerk. As they shook hands Sir John repeated my uncle's name twice slowly, and then said:

"I have met you before somewhere—let me see, was it not at the great political picnic in Vaughan seven years ago?"

"It was, it was, Sir John," shouted my uncle. "I remember it well, and have often told my neighbors here all about it, but who would have expected you to remember me after seven years!"

"I wouldn't soon forget a shrewd face like yours," laughed Sir John.

For the rest of his life my uncle hugged this incident to his heart. The explanation is that some local party worker had posted Sir John on my uncle's former meeting with him at the Vaughan picnic, of which he had "often talked with the neighbors." It is interesting to learn how the wheels go round in the game of politics.

We have argued in this paper that all the Canadian banks are not conducted as was the Ontario Bank. A story very much to the point was related the other day by an elderly citizen.

"At the time of the American civil war," he says, "the general manager of the Bank of Montreal was a Mr. King, and he was recognized as the ablest financier in Canada. Some time after the war he made a trip over to New York, and taking advantage of the conditions that then prevailed, made two big hauls in stocks, and returned home with a huge profit. A meeting of the directors was promptly held, the successful manager was given a vote of thanks and a service of plate; and at the same meeting his successor was appointed.

"The directors took the profits, but they could not countenance stock gambling as bank business. It seems now as if speculation is judged entirely by results—if it succeeds it is all right; if it fails it is a crime."

Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison, was the guest of the Orillia Canadian Club last week, and in the course of an address on "The Value of Childhood," which the president of the club, Mr. Miller, declared to be a "more earnest, eloquent, and heart-searching sermon than the majority of the discourses we hear from the pulpit." The Doctor told several good stories culled from his Prison experiences, of which the following two are samples:

A short time ago, the baker for the Prison made sixteen pies, but when the time came for putting them away there were only fourteen. The missing pies were traced to two boys, who were brought before the Warden.

"Now, boys," said Dr. Gilmour, "do you consider that a pious act?" One of the culprits, a bright Irish lad, looked up with a smile playing round his mouth:

"Two pi-ous, sir," he said.

"What could I do?" asked Dr. Gilmour. "I let them have the pies."

The second story is of the Prison barber: One morning an official of the Prison hurried into the room where he was operating, with less than half an hour to get a shave and keep an appointment.

"Have you time to shave me, Harry?" he asked.

"Nine months, sir," was the prompt reply.

The late Hon. David Mills was universally esteemed and respected by both political parties, but it could hardly be said that his speeches were examples of fiery or vivacious oratory, or that they appealed to the popular mind. A characteristic episode vouched for by the reporters present, occurred some years ago, when the Behring Sea question was a live issue. As is well known, the district of Western Ontario which he represented at Ottawa contains a large negro vote. With these electors Mills was popular, and one year a number of the race thought it would be a happy idea to invite Mr. Mills to address the throng at the Emancipation Day picnic which is annually held at Chatham. Mr. Mills accepted, and it was arranged that the speaking should be held in a grove. Mr. Mills had been devoting a good deal of study to the constitutional aspects of the Behring Sea dispute, and was anxious to make a public deliverance on the subject. So it struck him that here lay his opportunity. His dusky auditors assembled at the grove, and he, after a few generalities usual on such occasions, plunged into his subject. The negroes listened, bewildered, but respectful, and all went well until a dog-fight started outside the grove. Then they, to a man, rushed away to witness the battle, leaving their guest to address the reporters.

The dog-fight over, a number came back and respectfully resumed their seats, but it was obvious that to them there were more vital interests than any international controversy.

Mr. John Loughrin, ex-M.P.P., for some years administered rough and ready justice at Mattawa, on the upper Ottawa. He knew the class of men with whom he had to deal, and was as indifferent to legal technicalities as is Colonel Denison in the Toronto Police Court. One familiar anecdote is to the effect that a man was arraigned before him for stealing pulpwood and pleaded "not guilty."

"You lie," promptly remarked the bench. "I saw you steal the wood myself. I was going to let you off light, but now I'll put you over the road for fair!"

An even more characteristic anecdote is also related of him. The defendant in a certain charge had imported a young lawyer from Ottawa who was full of precedents and strong on form. Objecting to one of the magistrate's

decisions, he commenced: "But your honor, according to the procedure of the High Court of Ontario—"

He got no further.

"Hades!" thundered the bench; "don't you know that this court is no more like the High Court of Ontario than a potato is like a pineapple?"

For once at least the theatre pest who sits behind you and tells a friend what is going to happen next as well as keeping up a running commentary upon the events of the performance as they pass, received a satisfactory set-back. It was at the presentation of "Mary of Magdala" by Mrs. Fiske some years ago, and the play had reached the place where the rabble is rebuked by the baffling dicta, "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone." The multitude was drawing back with savage reluctance, looking with eyes of hate upon the prostrate Magdalen, when the Pest broke out:

"Isn't that perfectly lovely? They dare not touch her. You see, they are all going out."

"To look for stones," added a well-known Toronto barrister who was sitting in the seat immediately in front of the Pest. It was enough. The talkative one collapsed into a shocked silence which mercifully lasted to the end of the piece.

Many interesting reminiscences are being recalled of the late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada. While still a priest, he happened to be in Waterloo on duty. Walking along the main street, he met some strangers who wanted to see the little church. Mr. Bond offered to show them over it, but found the door locked. A pretty little girl playing about volunteered to get the key, which was at the rectory a short distance off. Running away, she returned shortly, the strangers saw the church, and Mr. Bond, returning the key to the child, said:

"My dear, you have been very sweet; I should like to do something for you in return. When you want to get married, come to me and I'll do it for nothing."

Thirty years later Archdeacon Bond received a letter reminding him of his promise. He immediately set out for Waterloo and fulfilled it.

It is often said that the eldest member of a family usually has a poorer show for existence, in that he is raised on book lore by scientific methods, while the younger olive branches are brought up in the light of experience. In this connection Mr. Arthur E. MacFarlane, the well-known Canadian short story writer, contributes to the mirth of the nation, somewhat at Mrs. MacFarlane's expense. She had been making a deep and exhaustive study of such texts as "Care of the Young Child," "Nurture and Admonition of the Young," etc., when her husband came in, one day, and found her reading an article on the "Proper Dieting of Infants."

Mr. MacFarlane was rather amused, but his laugh became a roar when search revealed the cause of all this study, sitting blissfully under the table, with his mouth full of tacks.

The story goes that, having shaken hands with the King, Chief Joe Capilano considered that it would be *infra dig.* for him to call on Earl Grey, the "King's man," at Vancouver. Said he: "I no can go to hotel with my people. Man who saw King, and shook hands with him, will shake the King's man by the hands if we meet in the streets, but what would my people think if I went and called on the King's man?" The old chief indicated that such a thing was absurd. City Comptroller Gibson, to whom Chief Joe explained this difficulty, told the Indian that he would do his best to so arrange matters that Earl Grey and Joe should meet as man and man.

Collected by Kings.

When emperors and kings join the ranks of the collectors—whether of stamps, old china, or other articles—their collections rarely fail to excel those of persons in less exalted spheres.

The Kaiser, for example, has a collection of sticks which is probably unequalled. It includes a club of Oregon pine, weighing over 200 pounds, and so hard as to be proof against an ordinary knife; a willow switch so supple that after being coiled round another stick it becomes as straight as ever, and a yellow cane said to be 3,000 years old, and worth at least \$10,000.

The Emperor of Austria collects menu cards, and as his stock of these is contributed to by other monarchs it is needless to say that it is a marvellous collection. It includes the cards of nearly every Royal table in the world, but the choicest specimen is the menu cards of the dinner given by the Czar to President Faure at the Russian Embassy in Paris. The card—if card it can be called—is a block of the rarest black marble, beautifully painted by a famous French artist, the names of the various dishes being lettered in white ivory.

Another Royal curiosity hunter is the Shah of Persia, who has a wonderful collection of pipes of all kinds, from the common briar to the gorgeous bubble-bubble, or water-bowl pipe. One of the gems of the collection is a pipe presented to the Shah by the Prince of Wales. It is exquisitely wrought out of a single piece of the purest amber, and is enclosed in a case of ivory bearing in gold letters the name of the recipient and the date. The King of Denmark once accumulated a collection of birds' eggs which included specimens of the eggs of nearly every bird in existence.

What the Boer Intended to Say.

A detachment of soldiers was engaged in clearing a certain district in the Orange River Colony of supplies, and during the operations Colonel Shovelong's staff officer came up to a Boer farmer sitting at the door of his cottage with a large stack of oat straw in the background, says Tit-Bits.

"I have orders either to buy or destroy all forage and food in this district," said the officer. "I therefore give you notice that I am about to set fire to that pile of oat straw."

"Bod I tell you—" began the stolid Boer, as he removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Oh, you may as well know straight off," interrupted the officer, "that resistance and objection are alike futile."

"Bod would you please—" once more began the farmer.

"I can listen to no excuses; I have neither time nor inclination," was the impatient rejoinder of the officer as he hurried away.

"Vell, my dear," said the Boer to his wife, as the stack of straw burst into flame and the officer went on his way rejoicing, "dese Khakis are strange peoples. I wanted to tell him dat dis was de oat straw I haff sold to de Colonel half an hour ago."

Thus saying, he meditatively jingled the British sovereigns in his pocket.

A Story of Daniel O'Connell.

Of the famous Daniel O'Connell many interesting stories are told illustrating his resourcefulness when engaged in the cross-examination of a witness. The Sunday Magazine repeats these two, one in which he was successful in his attempt to entrap the witness, and another in which he was himself worsted:

Once he was defending a prisoner indicted for murder. The principal witness against the defendant swore that the prisoner's hat had been found near the place of the murder. The hat was then produced in court, and the witness swore positively that it was the same one that was found, and that it belonged to the prisoner.

"By virtue of your oath, are you positive that this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine it carefully before you swore that it was the prisoner's?"

"Yes."

"Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began carefully to examine the inside of it. He paused with a curious expression on his face, and then spelled aloud, "J-a-m-e-s." Now, do you mean to say that that name was in the hat when you found it?" he asked, turning to the witness.

"I do."

"Did you see it there?"

"I did."

"And this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Now, my lord," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "there's an end to this case. There is no name whatever within this hat."

The prisoner was instantly acquitted.

An amusing incident is told of a victory over O'Connell by a witness whom he was cross-examining. The witness was for the Crown, and the case was a riot committed by a crowd of beggars. O'Connell was at that time well known, and it was after he had received his sobriquet of "the Big Beggarman."

The witness finished, and O'Connell began the cross-examination. "Now tell the court just how many beggars there were," he said.

"Indeed, I did not stop to count them, but there was a great tribe, your Honor."

"A whole tribe of them, eh? Will you tell us to what tribe they belonged?"

"Indeed, your Honor, that is more than I can do, for I never heard, but I think it must have been to the tribe of Dan."

"You may go down, sir," said O'Connell in a rage, amid the laughter of the court.

How Stevenson Transferred a Birthday.

That quaint and generous, playful transaction of Robert Louis Stevenson's, by which he "legally" transferred his birthday to a little friend of his, is being re-told in more than one British journal. It was in 1891. Annie H. Ide spent a part of every day in the Stevensons' bungalow, and on her complaining that, having been born on Christmas, she was defrauded of the rights of a birthday, Stevenson without delay wrote to her father. The letter began: "I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots Bar, author of 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Moral Emblems,' civil engineer, the owner and patentee of the palace and plantation known as Vailima, in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British subject, being in sound mind and pretty well, I thank you, in body. Considering that I, the document in legal phraseology proceeds, 'have attained such an age that I have no further use of a birthday,' and that he had found the father of the said Annie H. Ide 'about as white a land commissioner' as he required, 'I have transferred to the said Annie H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors. And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name the name Louisa—at least in private—and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, the said birthday not being quite so young as it was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember." To this document Robert Louis Stevenson set his "hand and seal on the nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one," witnessed by Lloyd Osbourne and Harold Watts.

The future of the Eiffel Tower is in doubt, according to an article in the London Globe. By the terms of the inventor's contract with the city of Paris, the tower remains his property for twenty years—that is to say, until January 1, 1910, when it becomes the property of the city. The commission of "Vieux Paris," which busies itself in the work of preserving picturesque old sites is claiming that in the interests of good tastes and beauty, M. Eiffel's giant structure must come down, and the question has been considered by the municipal council. The tower has been a familiar object to the holiday makers of the world for some years now. It is a question whether the tower might be regarded as having accomplished its destiny and as ready for demolition. Some scientists like it as a point of observation, others aver that it acts as a lightning conductor for half Paris, and military engineers like it as a useful and ready-made station for wireless telegraphy. Under the influence of these strong credentials the city fathers have prolonged the Eiffel Tower agreement until 1915.



EXCLUSIVE.

Fair Driver—Will you stand by the pony for a few minutes, my good man?

The Good Man—Pony, mum? No, I'm a motor-minder, I am. 'Ere, Bill! 'Orse!—Punch.

IS HEARST REALLY BEATEN?



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Whose personality and aims constituted the issue in the New York election

THE whole of North America had its ear to the telegraph on Tuesday night, listening for the result of the remarkable New York election campaign. In Toronto and other Canadian cities crowds stood about the newspaper offices until a late hour, watching the bulletins. For many weeks—from the moment it was known that W. R. Hearst would be the Democratic candidate—the press of the United States practically laid aside all other issues and discussed the New York campaign. The press of Canada, too, made it a big topic. The people of the continent instinctively recognized the struggle to be one on which large issues hung, issues vaguely outlined but possibly revolutionary in character. Why was this election characterized by so much tumult? Why did it provoke such deep and widespread interest? Why did the press and the people of distant states attach unusual significance to the outcome? Why were newspapers and newspaper readers in Canada particularly interested in such a matter as the election of the Governor of the State of New York? Simply because the issue was not a state matter. The issue was Hearst.

The inscrutable, irrepressible, unabashable Hearst has come to be about the biggest political proposition that the people of the United States have to solve. He claims to stand for certain things that the Socialists clamor for, and for certain things that the people want done. He professes to aim at the restoration of democracy in the United States. He and his yellow newspapers say he stands for the subjugation of trusts—for the subjection of corporations to the law. If he were elected to a position of power, and proceeded to do the things which he asks the opportunity to do, he would bring about a revolution in American politics; he would restore American political currents to their proper channels, from which they have been diverted by dams and dikes of capitalistic gold. The Hearst programme if carried out would not only cause a tremendous shake-up in United States political affairs, but it would make itself felt in Canada and in-world politics. But is Hearst the man to do these things? This is why his sensational candidature in New York has been watched with keen interest wherever American affairs are discussed. People everywhere were on edge to know what value the elections of New York would place on Hearst and Hearstism.

Charles E. Hughes, who is described by Hearst as a feather duster, has been elected Governor of New York State. It will be claimed that the Republican party has saved the country in this crisis. It has been said of this party that it has successfully met every American crisis since it stood for the abolition of slavery. But has it disposed of Hearst and Hearstism?

Is Hearst really beaten? If he had won Tuesday's election he would have gone to Albany and exposed his hand, played his best cards—perhaps winning, perhaps not—giving people a chance to see what is in him as an administrator. Now, although he does not go, he has secured control of the Democratic machinery of the greatest State in the Union, and possesses a basis from which to advance on the national convention and the Presidency. He was a stray dog in politics. Now he controls a big machine.

The only effectual disposal that can be made of Hearst is to bury him out of sight. The newspapers opposed to him—and they are legion—have tried to bury Hearst, and have failed. At first, when he went from California to New York and began to beat the expert yellow journalists of that city at their own game, the press, including that of his native state, affected to ignore him. A year or so ago the newspapers opposed to him realized that this policy was ridiculous. When he began to make plain his intention of becoming a figure in politics, they scoffed, but now they are taking him seriously enough. His defeat for the mayoralty of New York prompted him to advance on the Governorship of the State. His defeat for the Governorship will stimulate him to advance on the Presidency. The New York Sun, in referring to the campaign just closed, says:

"What a reproach it must continue to be to the intellectual sobriety of the community that the Hearst campaign has been possible! The causes that made it possible, the responsibility for the uneasy public temper, for the passion for general denunciation and legislative panacea, for the prevailing neurotic political sentimentality, can be studied at leisure."

Is it not possible that the Democrats and the people of the Republic at large have studied Hearst altogether too much at their leisure? Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's editor, in an article in *The North American Review*, frankly announces the goal of Hearst's ambitions. He says: "There is no doubt that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives."

Mr. Hearst is too busy a man, too clever an organizer, to be studied at leisure. The people of the American Re-

public must decide what Hearst is and what Hearstism really stands for, and they must do it quick. New York Life, on the eve of the election, said:

"If there is not sense enough and righteous energy enough in New York State to beat Hearst next Tuesday, the next best thing for New York may be for Hearst to win. More of the Hearst medicine, say we, until the patient begins to throw it up. If we were not so lazy and had not so nearly lost our capacity for effectual indignation, we would have little to fear or to gain from Hearst and his political pyrotechnics."

Hearst has been defeated in New York State, but he is not by any means through dispensing his medicine. Will the people wait until he has his hand on the White House door before they decide finally whether it is a decent, desirable dose or dope?

Life continues:

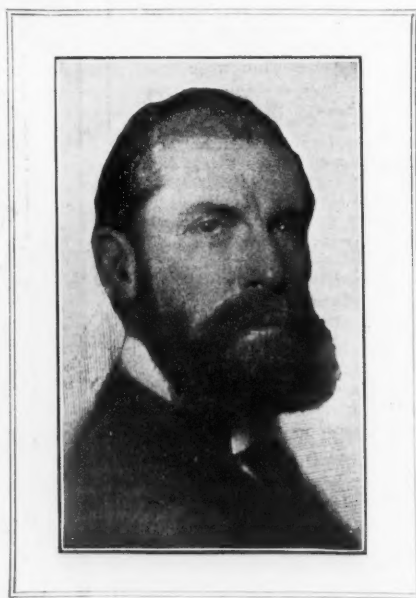
"Power is amusing. We all want it, and all like it more or less, if we get it. Hearst seems to have started in the newspaper line for entertainment and to have got it. Along with the entertainment he got power, and liked it and wanted more. The taste for it has grown on him. He wants now to be President. In that there is vast power and enormous entertainment. His equipment for the attempt is a very large fortune, a remarkable string of newspapers, and an entire absence of character. There are some advantages in having no character. It is next to having no body. Weapons have no effect on the bodyless person. Words and facts have not much effect on a person without character. What he says, what he does, what is found out and disclosed about him, doesn't make much difference. He has no shame and no compunction; no credit to lose, no honor to be wounded, nothing to forfeit except health and money. That is why Hearst is almost invulnerable, and why he may be expected to go on in the race for the Presidency just as long as he can hire men and buy ink and paper and presses, and has the energy to push on."

Hearst says he represents the people. Those who distrust him say he represents nobody but Hearst. No amount of talk can decide the matter. Hearst does not bother much about replying to attacks. He goes on working and spending money to increase his power.

For a year past wise men and clever journalists have been discussing what manner of man Hearst is.

To find a friendly personal description, we must turn again to Arthur Brisbane, who is paid \$72,000 a year to act as managing editor of the Hearst newspapers. Mr. Brisbane says:

"He is a big man—an excellent thing, since it gives him the strength to stand the worries of many newspapers, and the worries of many faithful followers and foolish enemies. He is more than six feet two in height, very broad, with big hands and big feet, a strong neck that will stand up for a long time under a heavy load. His hair is light in color, and his eyes blue-grey, with a singular capacity for concentration. His dress of late has been the usual uniform of American statesmanship, combining the long-tailed frock coat and the cow-boy's soft slouch hat. The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him. Mr. Hearst has a great deal of nervousness as well as physical strength. This enables him to be patient with many men, and many employees, that constantly demand his personal attention and personal answer. He is able, when necessary, to do with little sleep. And his mind works normally at all hours. He has well developed the power, without which no man succeeds as a political leader, of concentrating his energies on one

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
Governor-Elect of New York State

thing. Hearst has good-nature and cheerfulness, even under trying conditions. The men who work for him like him on this account. They like him especially because when things go wrong he takes the blame on himself. Very lucky for Hearst is the fact that his interests, and therefore his vitality, are not scattered. There is absolutely nothing that he cares for except his family, his newspapers, and his public work in politics. He never goes to a race-track; the race-horses that he inherited with his father's property were turned out to amuse themselves on a ranch. He takes absolutely no interest in financial speculation, cares for money only because of the power that it gives to reach the public, and to scatter ideas through newspapers. It is impossible to interest Hearst at all in any mere money-making scheme."

Mr. Brisbane says that Hearst has made many legal fights in the interest of the people at his own expense. He is "the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction this country has seen." "He has made dishonest wealth disreputable throughout the nation." The vast property which he owns has not controlled his opinions, but his opinions have controlled his property. He "represents unselfishness in public life." He is "absolutely temperate," does not smoke or drink, is free from fondness for dissipation of any kind, and is a man of unusual physical

and mental strength. Mr. Brisbane concludes: "It is not possible now to name a recognized public enemy, without naming at the same time one of Hearst's enemies. Soon it will not be possible to mention an intelligent good man without mentioning a sympathetic, friendly follower of the career of William Randolph Hearst."

The editor of *The North American*, in which the foregoing appears, admits Hearst's daring, his indefatigability, and a praiseworthy kindness of disposition. But he says:

"The closest scrutiny of Mr. Brisbane's enthusiastic eulogy does not reveal a solitary reference to character or methods. A single note runs through the entire eulogy—success, for whatever motive, good or base, by whatever means, right or wrong—success! Mr. Brisbane has caught and set down, we believe with precision, the actuating spirit. There is no reason to doubt that an intelligent force, such as Hearst has proven himself to be, should be able to comprehend moral responsibility. We must assume, therefore, that he deliberately spurns to recognize it. The key-note of his journalism is assault. At times the object richly deserves stern rebuke; at times, not. It matters not to Hearst. Guilty and innocent, right and wrong suffer alike. Brutality is the sole requirement of the onslaught. Apology, retraction, correction, are words unknown to the Hearst school of journalism. . . . As a journalist, though keen, enterprising, and resourceful, he is a burning disgrace to the craft; as a politician, though shrewd and at times even sagacious, he is no more scrupulous than the basest of those whom he has stigmatized as criminals; as a partizan, though earnest and efficient in appealing to the masses, he is a traitor; as an office-holder, he is pre-eminent in shameful neglect of duties; as an agitator, his delight consists in reveling in the incitement of evil passions; as a dual personality, though possessed of many engaging qualities, he is so utterly devoid of character, so unsteady in even his own recklessness, so faithless to his professed ideals, so scornfully disregardful of moral responsibility, so addicted to detestable practices in efforts to gratify his ambitions, so sinfully persistent in stirring the caldron of discontent, envy, and hatred, as to be a living and glaring reproach to American civilization."

Mr. Hearst, in a recent speech, said: "Is there not need for a new party on fundamental American principles?" Commenting on this new party utterance, the *Richmond Times* (Dem.) remarks:

"Notice of Hearst's schemes has been served on all Democrats, and the South, at least, will have no excuse for being bamboozled, bribed or taken captive by a man who is at heart so utterly opposed to the traditions and principles for which the South stands. The Democratic party of New York may be led to the slaughter to gratify Mr. Hearst's ambition, but the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, which believes in individual effort and abhors socialism and centralization, will never defame its past and destroy its future for such a candidate as William Randolph Hearst."

Mr. Brisbane, in eulogizing Hearst, says that unionism and the eight-hour day prevail in the mechanical departments of all his papers, and that he has incurred the enmity of other newspaper proprietors by refusing to join them in any movement to keep down wages and salaries. On the other hand, the *Chicago Chronicle* describes a recent occurrence in the Illinois metropolis as an illustration of methods which Mr. Hearst is supposed to condemn:

"William R. Hearst and Victor F. Lawson, publishers of one-cent afternoon newspapers, formed an agreement to advance the price of their papers from fifty cents per hundred to sixty cents per hundred. As this reduction cut down the already small margin of carriers' profits to the vanishing point, a certain proportion of the carriers exercised their undoubted rights and declined further to handle *The American* and *The News*. The next morning—Tuesday morning—these carriers found themselves locked out of every morning newspaper establishment with the exception of *The Chronicle*. They were thus given to understand that if they did not carry the Hearst and the Lawson afternoon papers at a loss, or at least without any profit, they could not have the morning papers to serve to their patrons. This was and is a direct and unequivocal infraction of the law of Illinois. It is all the more flagrant and outrageous from the fact that the lawlessness is committed at the behest of William R. Hearst."

On the eve of the election, *Current Literature* remarked:

"As the contest has developed, the personality of Mr. Hearst and the questions raised as to his sincerity have loomed larger and larger, until the campaign has become less and less a discussion of issues and more and more a discussion of the man. The personality and the record of his opponent, Charles E. Hughes, afford little ground for discussion."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, speaking at White Plains, New York, one evening during the campaign, did not mention Hughes at all during his address. He mentioned Hearst, however. An explosion of flashlight powder startled him during his speech, and he said:

"That is the second of those things, and I think two is enough." Mr. Cannon told of the record of W. J. Bryan as a Congressman. "And," he said, "this peerless one is going to be the next candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency of the United States, if Hearst doesn't crowd him out. But, if you put all of that kind in a bag together and shake them up they'd come out either skunk or polecat. One man wants to cure our ills by tearing up all the railroad tracks in the United States. God bless you, I haven't any sympathy with such men. You can't put any dependence in a man who says he'd tear up every damn railroad track in the country if he had his way."

The last man hanged in England for poaching was sufficiently respected to be honored with a tombstone above the ordinary. This stone, which is in perfect preservation, is to be seen in the churchyard of North Badderley, five miles from Ramsey. The inscription explains the situation: "In memory of Charles Smith, who suffered at Winchester on the 23rd of March, 1822, for resisting, by firearms, his apprehension by the gamekeepers of Lord Viscount Palmerston, when found in High Copple, looking after what is called game. Aged 30 years. 'If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter, for he that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they.' Eccl., v., 8."

THE GREAT FUR TRADE OF NORTHERN CANADA

THE largest market for raw furs in the world is Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, and the northernmost point on the North American continent to be reached by a continuous line of railroad. It is located on the Saskatchewan River at the terminus of a branch of the Canadian Pacific which leaves the main line at Calgary. Practically its only rival in the whole North-West is Prince Albert, in Saskatchewan. Picturesque, yet modern, even now an outpost of empire, Edmonton in the old days was the only important settlement in that section, the north-westernmost market in the fur country and the nerve centre of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations, says the *Winnipeg Telegram*. It was founded a century or so ago by the old North-Western Company, for a brief time a competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

One industrious red man, of whom one may hear much at Edmonton, brought an unusually large take of skins into that town last year. When his business with the buyers was completed he had nearly \$2,000 in cash, which he proceeded to distribute among the merchants of the town with royal prodigality. An idea of the general character of his purchases may be obtained when it is stated that the last one was a piano, which had been brought all the way from Toronto. The trapper's family had accompanied him, and the instrument being set up in front of their tepee, every member, from the dignified head down to the youngest papoose, hammered the keys with results most maddening to all within earshot. Finally the time for the return trip to the fur country arrived, and, as the crowning act of his good time, the man who once had \$2,000 calmly smashed the piano to pieces with an axe, getting obvious joy from the operation and from the subsequent investigation of tangled wires and broken mechanism.

"Why did you do that?" Thus a white man who stopped to view the wreck.

"Want to see where noise come from," was the satisfied reply. And then the Indian turned his face to the north and started back to the scene of another winter's cold and lonely work.

However, only a comparatively small number of the native trappers come into Edmonton. The others go only to the primitive and isolated posts or landings in the north country. There they deal with the traders, some of whom represent the great companies, while others buy on their own account. Pelts are exchanged for supplies and, occasionally, a bank note or a few pieces of silver. But it is little enough the Indian gets at best. The market value of the skins brought into Edmonton each year, exclusive of those of the Hudson's Bay Company, is between \$500,000 and \$600,000, but much less than that amount goes to the trappers. The traders must have their profit, and they get at least as much of it out of the trapper as out of the man to whom they sell.

Some of the Indians in the more northerly sections, where the furs are finest because of the greater cold, seldom or never see a white man or any sign of civilization. They remain in the woods from year's end to year's end. The pelts which they gather and hang on trees, or cache in some more effective manner, are collected by half-breed representatives of the traders, who follow the trails and settle accounts with the trappers whenever the opportunity offers. Members of many tribes are engaged in the work, among the most prominent being the Crees, Chipewyans, Loushioux, Dog Ribs, Yellow Knives, Ojibways, Blackfeet, Crows, Stonies, Shoshones, Kastenais, Chinooks, Chilkoats, and, farthest to the north, Esquimaux. Many of these are shiftless and not inclined to labor more than is actually necessary to bring in the necessities of life, but the white men pay high tribute to the honesty of practically all of them.

An unusual degree of confidence is reposed in the half-breeds, who are lieutenants of the white traders. In Edmonton I saw a trader give one of his half-breed employees \$1,250 to be taken to a distant post and there distributed as wages to others. The two shook hands and parted, not to meet for a year, and the white man said he was sure not a cent of money would fail to reach its rightful destination. In the town of Edmonton itself, honesty seems to vie with hospitality for the credit of being the most prominent trait of the citizens. Scores of thousands of dollars' worth of furs are stored there in warehouses which are seldom or never locked or guarded. Only the most valuable pelts are put under lock and key, and then the purpose is more to protect them from accidental damage than from possible theft.

The market value of the raw furs brought into Edmonton is only a fraction of the value of those same furs after they are cleaned and manufactured.

In the spring, when the ice and snow commence to thaw, the agents of the big concerns, the free traders, and the few trappers who have cared to bring their furs as far as Edmonton or Prince Albert, begin the movement back to the north country. The objective point of many of the first two classes is Fort Resolution, nearly 1,000 miles north of Edmonton, as the trail leads, and something like 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle. Fort Chipewyan is another important post, but in the lower edge of the fur country, and there are a number in the interior and along the Mackenzie River, which flows from Great Slave Lake into the Arctic Sea. The most northerly post is Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, 2,000 miles north of Edmonton, and approximately 150 miles above the Arctic Circle.

If the trapper manages to take a silver fox the trapper is in great luck, for the pelt of a prime specimen of that animal is worth \$1,500 to the man who buys it down at Edmonton, and the very best will bring the buyer as much as \$2,500. But the trapper gets few silver foxes, and for those he does get he receives a price wholly incommensurate with the figure at which the white trader will eventually make his sale. The animal of which the trapper will probably get most is the lynx, much less valuable. One firm of traders brought 8,000 lynx into Edmonton last summer, and those formed only a part of the total receipts. Others which are taken in large numbers are beavers, bears, otters, wolverines, minks, martens, muskrats, muskoxen, fishers, weasels, and white, red, black, and cross fox. Tens of thousands of all these are trapped during the course of a season.

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BOOKS

REV. ROBERT E. KNOWLES, author of "St. Cuthbert's," has produced in his novel, "The Undertow," just issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, a story of much interest and emotional intensity—one which "leaves a good taste in the mouth" and which must have a steady effect upon the reader, whoever he may be. "The Undertow" is described as a tale of both sides of the sea, but its chief interest lies in its Canadian setting. Stephen Wishart, the hero, is the son of fine, simple Scottish parents, Robert Wishart and his wife, living peaceful lives on an Ontario farm. They and their elder son, Reuben, take pleasure in making sacrifices to the end that the youth of brilliant intellect may be educated for the ministry. Stephen makes a fine showing at college and, an unexpected windfall of some five hundred dollars coming to his father



REV. R. E. KNOWLES
Author of "The Undertow."

at the opportune time, he is sent to Edinburgh to acquire some additional theological polish, a "pole-ish" by no means approved of by Robert Wishart. The opinion of this Presbyterian of the old school regarding the new theology is well worth quoting:

"What's that yir sayin', Stephen? What's that yir sayin'? 'The latest thocht'—whaur was a minister o' the gospel get the latest thocht if it isna frae Almighty God? And I'm thinkin' He might be found this side o' Germany, or Edinburgh either, for that matter. A new theology! a new theology! that is summat new, I'll grant ye. Some o' these new professors 'll be wantin' a new sun if the heavens soon; and the yin's as reasonable as the ither. 'Whatever div ye mean, my laddie? Tell me, noo, wad ye like a new mither? Or a new way o' thinkin' about a mither's love? Wad ye, laddie, wad ye, noo? Dinna shake yir head like that—they're the same, and ye maun learn about them the same way—by the heart, ye ken. 'Ye canna learn about the flowers that blaw beside the burn, oot o' a buik. Ye canna; ye maun learn them wi' yir heart tae. An auld country and a new theology! God forbid!"

Mr. Knowles has drawn a fine character in Robert Wishart. Shortly after Stephen's departure this earnest, shrewd old philosopher is visited by representatives of the congregation of an important Hamilton church, the members of which desire the young man as their pastor. In the course of their talk the following dialogue occurs:

"English is a grand langidge, nae doot—only it's no' complete, no' finished, ye ken."
"How do you make that out, Mr. Wishart? I thought the English language capable of expressing any meaning one wanted to convey."
"No," said the other thoughtfully, "it canna juist dae that. I'm nae scholar, but it canna juist dae that—that is, it canna dae it exactly, ve understand? An' a langidge as canna dae that—it's no' complete. It can gie the meanin', mebbe; but no' the shade o' meanin'; dae ye see?"
"What, for instance? Give us an example."
"Weel, tak the like o' this, for instance—tak the word 'bonny'—that's a shade o' meanin' ye canna get wi' the English. Or tak anither—tak 'the gloamin'—twixt the gloamin' an' the mirk—ye canna gie me English for that."
"But I can gie ye a better yin than any o' the ither," he pursued, "there's 'Anid Lang Syne'—noo, try yir hand on that. 'I'll gie ye anither. Try this yin—'The land o' the leal'—lets hear ye gie us the English for that."

Almost simultaneously with the call from the fashionable city church, comes another from a little kirk in a simple country community similar to that in which Stephen spent his childhood. Meanwhile the young theologian is fighting against the undertow—the undertow of ignoble impulse and desire, of selfishness and moral cowardice. The fight is long and bitter, but he wins in the end. Trial and discipline have their effects, bringing about a readjustment of his attitude toward life. He realizes that there is no restfulness and happiness apart from unselfishness and love, and sets his face toward the things which his simple, noble-minded father and mother long ago discovered to be everything really worth while in the world.

"The Undertow" is not without faults in craftsmanship. The style is florid in parts, and here and there the nicest discrimination has not been exercised in the choice of words. A lack of restraint is apparent in certain passages, detracting from their forcefulness. The author also has a habit of mixing his tenses to the irritation of the critical reader. For example: "He walked across the room and threw himself upon the bed; in a moment he is up again and pacing the floor." Some of the incidents, too, are improbable. For instance a modern Canadian student

could scarcely be expected to be so wholly mystified by certain phases of London street life as Stephen was. The book, however, is a strong one, full of purpose, and it will no doubt add to the clever author's growing reputation.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, came to Toronto with Andrew Carnegie some months ago, and attended the Canadian Club dinner. He is a very mild person. In the New York campaign he wrote a letter denouncing Hearst. This mild person ventured down into the pit where the wild beasts were contending. Hearst's editor, Arthur Brisbane, replied with an editorial: "Did you ever see the sensitive, little, quivering nose of the sensitive, little mouse?"

Then you have seen Richard Watson Gilder. Who would hurt him? One of our friendly readers writes: "Have you seen the letter against Mr. Hearst written by Richard Watson Gilder? Why don't you go at him and rip him up?"

Our answer is: "Reader, you surely have never seen Mr. Gilder." We should as soon think of "ripping up" the fluffy, feebly-scratching incubator chick as to attack Mr. Gilder. The tender apple-blossom blowing in the spring wind has more manliness in it than Mr. Gilder's body and soul. He is a zephyr, a breath. In face, in form, in voice, and in movement he is a pathetic imitation of a young girl. Nobody would hurt him.

Has our reader who asks for such harsh words ever seen a quivering little sensitive mouse slip across the floor in search of a crumb?

That is, to the very life, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, with his gray hair falling around his little mouse eyes, and his thin body shivering in his black cape, gliding into a room among men.

The man who would attack Mr. Gilder by word or deed would be capable of attacking the eleven-ounce baby in the Coney Island incubator.

Like the apple blossom in the wind, the mouse in the great steel building, the premature citizen in the hot incubator, Mr. Gilder is to be admired for the fact that he is alive at all. Only our kind thoughts are for him.

In the current number of The Book News Monthly of Philadelphia, Mr. J. A. Macdonald tells of "The Finding of Ralph Connor." The first story written by Rev. Charles W. Gordon was sent to The Westminster, Toronto, when Mr. Macdonald was editor of that publication, and the latter in his article says: "We had decided upon a name for the story, but not for the man who wrote it. The manuscript reached me just in time for the issue for January, 1897. It would not do to give the author's name, for the text of the tale might be regarded by some as out of keeping with the conventions of the clerical profession. What name shall it be? was the question sent to Winnipeg. At the last moment a telegram came: 'Sign sketch Connor.' Connor? That would not do. That would betray the fact of a mask. He must have a proper name. But why Connor? Perhaps the operator made a mistake. Should it be Connor? More likely. But he must be given a Christian name, even though he consorts with heathen of various types. What shall we christen this new-born Canadian literature? 'Frank?' 'Chris?' 'Fred?' No, none of these would suit. Here it is: 'Ralph.' 'Ralph Connor!' And it was so. Without his knowledge or consent he was introduced to the world with that new-coined name to make or mar. When he got his copy of The Westminster in Winnipeg that week he turned to page 14, and saw the cross-page heading, 'Tales from the Selkirk, By Ralph Connor.' What he said, when he saw himself as the world was yet to know him, has not been told. No one was by to hear. Something Western, no doubt, befitting his new role. 'I meant 'Connor,' he wrote a day or two afterwards, 'Ralph Connor isn't bad—rather Irish for me, but I guess I can stand it. I'll try to live up to it.'"

Authors earn much less in France than in England. The late Sir Walter Besant ten years ago estimated that there were 50 novelists in England who earned upward of a thousand a year. There are now probably nearer a hundred, and fifty; while in France there are almost certainly not more than fifty who make a living at all. An English novelist of standing will receive eightpence on every copy of a book sold. Some novelists receive two shillings. Emile Zola, who touched high-water mark in France, got a franc, which is rather less than ten pence. Seven pence halfpenny is considered excellent pay, and fourpence and fivepence are common.

The skipless novel has arrived. It has come like many another plague, gradually and without observation. First we had the book review, cleverly giving away the plot of the novel, so it could be skipped entirely. Then we had the novelette, which was so brief you weren't tempted to skip. Now we have the novelette boiled down into the short story, and if you skip a single syllable it's all up with you. Twenty characters; scene shifting from Bombay to Sorrento, from Sorrento to Cape Town, from Cape

Town to Purgatory, with stops at way stations for purposes of digression; time covering forty years, beginning with grandfather Billingsgate's duel, and winding up with Miss Ethel Billingsgate's romantic elopement; the whole a three-decker reduced to a sonder class yacht; material for two hundred thousand words crammed into ten pages or less of magazine! "Never," laments a writer in The Boston Transcript, "have I felt more insistently called upon to wait. After years of fuss and trouble trying to acquire skill in skipping, I find myself trained to an obsolete craft."

Between Friends.

There is an old story of a simple Highland lass who had walked to Glasgow to join her sister in service. On reaching a toll-bar on the skirt of the city she began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The toll-keeper came out to see what she wanted. "Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired. "Yes, this is Glasgow," "Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"

The author of "National Humor" gives another anecdote of Highland simplicity:

A Highlander who lived not very far from Balmoral sent two beautiful colliers as a present to Queen Victoria, who knew him well, having often driven past his house, and once or twice stopped to speak to him and his wife.

The Queen not only accepted the colliers, but told the donor that if he ever found his way to London when she was at Windsor, he was to call and see her. As it happened, he had to go to London soon after. So he went and asked for John Brown, whom he knew, and who had heard what the Queen said to him.

John Brown let the Queen know that her Highland friend of the colliers was in waiting, and was told to bring him in.

He took care to post him in the etiquette to be observed; told him not to speak until the Queen spoke to him, and to be sure always to say "madam."

The Highlander was then ushered into the presence of the Queen, who received him kindly and asked about his family. But when she began to praise the colliers, and say what favorites they had become, and how kind it was of him to send them to her, the delighted mountaineer forgot his instructions, and exclaimed, heartily, "Toots, wumman! What's two colliers aween you and me!"

Autumn Song.

Chill grows the lengthening eve,
More shrill the cricket's mirth;
The fair frost reddened leaves
Fall eddying to the earth,
Where to the wind's wild song
They dance along.

High on the open hill
The last pale asters burn;
Harsh rains have worked their will
Upon the tender fern;
Torn vines cling desolate
About the gate.

Then in the backlog bear,
Forgetting the sere garth,
And while the bright flames flare
Let us draw round the hearth,
All sad thoughts banishing
With dreams of spring!

—Clinton Scollard.

Clear as Daylight.

She—How is it that so often the handsomest men marry the homeliest women?

He—That's easy. The handsomest are in more need of money for—the other ones.—Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

True Enough.

Policeman (to unskilful rider)—Go back! No thoroughfare here. Can't you read that sign?

Rider—I can, but my horse can't.—Translated from Fliegende Blatter.

HARD TO SEE

Even When the Facts About Coffee Are Plain.

It is curious how people will refuse to believe what one can clearly see.

Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and coffee—tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion, and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts.

Prove it by science or by practical demonstration in the recovery of coffee drinkers from the above conditions, and a large per cent. of the human family will shrug their shoulders, take some drugs and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. "It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and cure of these ills."

"The only reason, I am sure, why Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way—according to directions—boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

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THE published account of Peary's victory over climatic and other conditions between here and the far North, terminating with the word this week from Hopedale, via Twillingate, Nfld., that he is going to start in again to get closer to that weird magnet, the North Pole, as soon as winter passes, arouses a good deal of happy memory to those who have learned the Labrador and tasted of the sweet hospitalities of Hopedale. Hopedale is a tiny mission station, away up the coast, over which tower three Labrador mountains, and before which stretch toward the sunrise the salt sea and the ice-cold Arctic current. At Hopedale are three or four Lutheran missionaries and at least two wives and families. When I was up there, the prospects of a third establishment were rosy, for the bachelor missionary, a roly-poly little person from Yorkshire, confided to me his hopes and plans, as we perched away up the mountain side on a ledge, and discussed life and its curious accompaniments. There was a certain red-cheeked English girl in the office, and his eyes glowed with love and anticipation as he told of the possibilities of the future, and his voice was thin with longing as he sighed, "Tis a long time first, but, please God, I have her here in a year or so." To my intense shame, I forgot all about him and his plans until the paragraph about Peary and his exploits recalled them to my mind. There is a certain lovely and lovable German young wife up there, anyway, the queen of hostesses, who tucked me into my box-bed at night, kissed my forehead and softly blessed me; then went gently out of the room with the light. One forgot the years, the knowledge of life, the cares of existence and the burden of others' woes under that spell of motherly and almost Divine brooding, and sleep came as it comes to little children—instantly, profound, refreshing, until the wholesome things I got at Hopedale, the tender care of the little "hausmutter," as they called the good angel of the mission house, is the one I shall never, never quite forget. She was to the manner born, in very truth, having first seen the light on the Labrador, spent her childhood and girlhood there, and finding Germany too flat an atmosphere to expand her soul in, had married a young missionary and come back to the bracing, brilliant Northland.

A letter has come from Carlyle to "Mrs. Gay," which is worth giving to this column. The writer calls it "A Glimpse of Moose Mountains": "If ever you come up through the West, along the Regina branch, you should try to spend at least a week in the Moose Mountains. I say mountains, not because they are worthy of that name, but because, for some unknown reason, they have been given that majestic title. Looking at it from an artist's point of view, it is a perfect little haven of rest, with its innumerable lakes and hills, but from a sportsman's idea it is a place of action. From early morning till late at night the lakes and swamps are simply swarming with fine, fat ducks, while the prairie is alive with chicken. If by any chance you should tire of the feathered race, you know there are always the red men of the reserve who, in some ways, resemble their friend, the chicken."

She was someone else's wife, and he was someone else's husband! That was what made it notable that they should be watching the corners of busy streets, waiting for each other, on the day the scandal started; that was what made it so peculiar that they should meet at last, without conventional greeting, and stroll, arm-in-arm, to her home. On the way, she paused outside a smart shop, as women will, and looked at some expensive trifle. He smiled indulgently, the smile of the superior creature man at his feminine half, and carelessly piloted her into the shop, asking of the saleswoman that she do that thing (pointing at the costly affair) up for him. He drew down his moustache at the price; he was accustomed to pay dear for everything he wanted in life, but not too dear, though. He never haggled, nor bargained in advance. The saleswoman raised her brows to her comrades as the pair strolled out of the shop. She knew that the woman was someone else's wife; she also thought she knew what the man was. Maybe she did! Whether or no, he was someone else's husband, as I told you before, and it is at least unlikely that he would have bought that extravagant gift for the woman who spanked his children. 'Tis a sad and wicked world, we all know. They went leisurely up to the home of the woman, and she let herself and him in with a latch key. "There isn't a soul in the place," she said lightly. "Come in and I'll mix you something warm to drink," which she proceeded to do, and then joined him, with a clink of her glass against his and a laugh in her voice and a twinkle in her eye. She was not an ill-looking

or bold woman, either, though he flung his arm about her, and kissed her heartily, without causing her to utter the mildest protest. She evidently loved him, he as evidently loved her. It was rather shocking, when one thought of the husband slaving in his office down town, and the wife, spanking the boys and girls, several hundred miles away. They sat together on a sofa before the cosy grate fire, her head leaning against his great arm, and his hand holding one of hers. They planned an evening together later on, and he spoke of a trip he'd love to share with her—if she could manage to get away. He advised caution, in arrangements, for fear his wife might hear of them and spoil everything. And these two wicked persons thus schemed and cuddled together, in the pretty boudoir of her home; that place of all places, where a good woman loves to hold herself sacred. She said of his wife, casually, "Poor soul," and he spoke with a sort of tolerant superiority of her husband, toiling in the busy mart to win means for her comfort as a thing useful and necessary, no doubt, but sometimes in the way of their plans. And the lightning did not strike them, nor the earth swallow them in their depravity. "How well you look in that dress," he said, "you should always wear dark blue—" "Light blue suits me, too," she said happily. "Do you remember a party dress I had two years ago, with pale blue trimmings?" "And glittering things?" he drawled, stretching comfortably towards the fire. "Yes, you looked ripping in it." Then a clock struck somewhere. "Jovel!" said he, "I must be moving, just when we're so comfy—someone would be sure to ring that infernal door bell, though, pretty soon. So I may as well move on now. Good-bye, old girl. Let me know if you can get away for the trip by noon tomorrow. What shall you say? Oh, any old lie will do. Only, remember, I'm counting on you." She threw her arms about his neck with the abandon of a child. "If you only could stay always!" he cried sharply. His face lightened with fun as he kissed her with a merry laugh. "There are reasons against that," he said, half regretfully, half ruefully. "But we manage to dodge them now and then. Cheer up, honey, and get your plans made for the mountains." And he went, striding briskly away, without looking back. And she, leaning her head against the window-pane, with the costly bauble he had bought her in her hands, whispered "God bless you, God keep you. How I love you! The best old brother in the whole world!"

LADY GAY.

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The Dutch Studio, 318 Yonge St., will present every customer, from now till Xmas, with one pair of genuine Dutch wooden shoes, as a rare and unique souvenir of Holland. These shoes are all hand carved and made by the peasants in the ancient town of Middelburg.

It is very difficult to secure a great number, but Mr. Van der Feen, the proprietor, was able to do so through the kind offices of friends in Holland. Mr. Van der Feen stated that such little wooden shoes have never been brought over to this country yet, and claims that his studio is the only place on the American continent where they can be seen and obtained.

Do You Need a Rest?

If so, a few days or weeks spent at St. Catharines, Preston, Chatham, Mount Clemens, Clifton Springs or Dansville will, without doubt, be of great benefit.

All of the above points are reached by Grand Trunk direct and connections. Reliable information may be obtained at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

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"Everyone in the family has taken to eating Grape-Nuts. They said I ate it with so much relish they thought it must be very good—and so it is.

"My little girl has gained five pounds since she started eating Grape-Nuts—in about three months. I think everyone, sick or well, should eat Grape-Nuts at least twice every day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Clementine.—It was a good thing you did forget your coupon, for it gave a good many people a fine laugh. Well, never mind, your time has come, and this week let's hope you will be able to read the rules without inconvenience. Your writing shows amenability and other ability, which you probably turn to good account. You are not particularly buoyant, but even in temperament, clear and lucid in expression and far-sighted. There is a good deal of firmness and decision in your method, perseverance, discretion and some dominance are shown. You are practical and never extravagant or prodigal in giving either of feeling or self. It is a reliable feminine, pleasant-tempered and philosophical sort of study.

Daisy.—The only way to find out is to wade right in. You may float, you may drown. Quien sabe? There is good, solid merit in your lines, but neither the initiative, inspiration or originality which would suggest the brilliant journalist. This sounds like cold water, but it's the simple fact, as it looks to me. Try and find out. That's the only advice I can give to the would-be, who little know just what trying may mean. July 23 brings you just into the fire sign, Leo, with some of Cancer's ways still shadowing you. One of these is change of occupation, from mere caprice. Cancer women are intellectual, and often make fine writers and speakers—are progressive and often prime movers in great humane enterprises; neat and orderly, and as the nature of Leo's higher individuality is also law and order, you should have a double dose of it. Your writing shows ambition, but no aggressiveness or snap.

Evangeline.—I have rather lost track of books written on graphology. Rosa Baughan had one out some years ago. She is, or was, Graphologist to The Queen, a London, England, paper. Nelson Thorpe of New York also wrote a book on graphology. There are some extremely clever, but rather too fanciful books in French, which, however, are useful to a serious student. Crepeux-Gamin's Study of Handwriting is one of these. Any good book-seller probably has some on his list. No book, however, is so good as keen, sympathetic personal observation. Why force a friendship as you suggest? I should not value such, and the influence you exert is just as likely to nip it in the bud as to develop it. If you can just be subservient to that strong one, and let the heaven work up without effort, it will be more likely to succeed. But you won't, I'm thinking.

Spike.—Perhaps you will realize, on looking elsewhere, that I found your study interesting otherwise than graphologically. And, please give me further information, for it's possible next summer that I may find it useful. 2. You are very adaptable and likely to accommodate yourself to any environment, being independent, discreet, good-tempered, full of force, vital energy and practical method. You are clear in diction and constructive in thought, with a sense of humor and excellent order and restraint. You are particular about and observant of details, and, had you ambition equal to your promise of achievement you'd make your mark. You have one ambition, and will realize it, I think. December 28 brings you under Capricorn, the January sign, whose people like appreciation, but abhor flattery. You are an excellent specimen. Try and keep upon the level. Capricorners are often extreme in changes of temperament—now jolly, now depressed. Do not attempt too many things at once, nor overwork any of them. Morbid introspection and dwelling on the ills of life are things inimical to your progress. Therefore avoid them. This sign is governed by Saturn; its astral colors are garnet, brown, silver-grey and black.

Dolly Varden.—Orthography, my friend, means spelling; it's chirography you are meaning, I fancy. For your birth sign, please see answer to Spike, who happens to be the same date. You have the ambition lacking in that study, but none of its restraint and reticence. Your writing suggests the career of a traveling man; it's got all the fore-dash, crude nerve and big imagination one associates with that hard worked brotherhood. There isn't a suggestion of the dainty little heroine of comic opera, whose name you adopt. If you are a maiden, probably a business college caught you young, in which case you will be successful in the commercial line, I fancy. It is a good, honest, independent, generous sort of hand.

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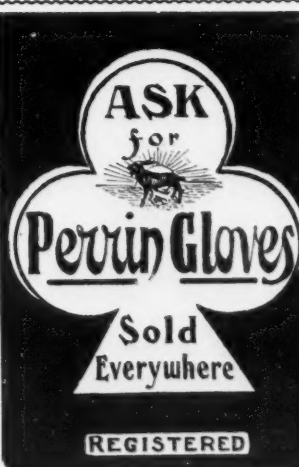
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THE DRAMA

"SERGEANT BRUE," of the London Police Force, as represented by Comedian Frank Daniels, will be the attraction at the Princess Theater during next week. Mr. Daniels, who is still under the management of Charles Dillingham, will play a matinee on Saturday afternoon only. Toronto theatergoers have not forgotten "Sergeant Brue," for it played one of the most successful engagements of last season in this city, and Mr. Daniels' comical representation of the blundering London "bobby" left an indelible impression on those who saw it. The play is an English musical comedy by Owen Hall and Liza Lehman, and has been running in London and the British provinces for three years. The piece was Americanized for Mr. Daniels, and has proven a very strong attraction on this side of the water, recording runs of great length in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. It is a most amusing entertainment, full of clean wit and crispness, and that it pleases all classes of audiences is proven by its long-continued prosperity, both here and abroad. Mr. Daniels never had a more mirth-provoking part than that of the good-natured police officer, with his false chest, his grotesque strut and his queer facial expressions, who gets into all sorts of trouble in his endeavor to do heroic things. The supporting company this season is said to be a large and clever one, and the girls who make up the choruses are alleged to be above the average in looks and voices. Julia Frary, a handsome Southern girl, with a good soprano voice, now appears as Lady Bickenhallm, Ella Snyder, a talented soubrette, is the Aurora Brue; Charlotte Lesley still plays Daisy, and Hallie Allen, said to be a stunning beauty, impersonates Mabel Widdett. Among the men are Charles Drew, Gilbert Clayton, Charleworth Meakins, a Torontonian by the way, Charles Gallagher and Edward Hume.

The one apparent exception, Petruchio, is not a real one. He is the most carefully characterized as a purely commercial matrimonial adventurer. Once he is assured that Katherine has money, he undertakes to marry her before he has seen her. And I find in my own plays that woman, projecting herself dramatically by my hands (a process over which I assure you, I have no more real control than I have over my own wife), behaves just as woman did in the plays of Shakespeare.

"And so your Don Juan has come to birth as a stage projection of the tragicomic love chase of the man by the woman, and my Don Juan is the quarry instead of the huntsman. It is assumed, that woman must wait, motionless, until she is wooed. Nay, she often does wait motionless. That is how the spider waits for the fly. But the spider spins her web. And if the fly, like my hero of 'Man and Superman,' shows a strength that promises to extricate him, how swiftly does she abandon her pretense of passiveness, and openly fling coil after coil about him until he is secured forever.

"But I hear you asking me in alarm whether I have actually put all this tub thumping into a Don Juan comedy. I have not. I merely plunk down my view of the existing relations of men to women for what it is worth."

"Charley's Aunt," the amusing farcical comedy which was presented here a few weeks ago for a brief

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"School Girls" will be seen as a special feature. Others who will appear are The Four Nightingales, Claire Beasy's Cats, George W. Day, Mabelle Adams, Monroe and Wesley, and the kinetograph.

Miss Roselle Knott's new play, "The Duchess of Devonshire," being presented this week at the Princess is a play of prettiness. It includes George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.; William Pitt, the old Prime Minister; Charles Fox, and other historic personages, all in silk coats and powdered wigs, as well as the dashing Lady Georgiana Spencer, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire. Miss Knott is given even and admirable support by her company, and her own work leaves scarcely anything to be desired. She is a much more pleasing actress than most of those essaying similar roles. She has more of genuineness and spontaneity than, say, Viola Allen. Her coquetry, her daintiness, her merry smiles, are irresistible. This Canadian actress certainly merits all the success with which she is meeting.

"The Duchess of Devonshire" can be improved. It needs living up, and no doubt this will be done. It will always suffer, as all plays of the kind must, from the absence of an outstanding male character. Mr. Andrew Robson, who plays the part of the highwayman, has not an impressive role, but like the other men in the cast, he makes the most of the opportunities afforded him.

"Girls Will be Girls," with Al Leech as principal, is meeting with favor at the Grand this week. The play is one of merriment. The chorus is good, and many excellent jokes are worked off.

Shea's has been crowded every night this week. The "Handcuff King," Houdini, is the leading attraction. There are several other good features.

It was in Indianapolis, last week, during Robert Lorraine's performance in the successful Shaw comedy, "Man and Superman." For the fifth time Ann, the woman who would marry, had set a matrimonial snare for John Tanner, a man who wouldn't, and for the fifth time John had escaped the net.

"Pshaw!" whispered a girl in the audience to her escort, "No one single man on earth is worth that much chasing!"

The girl's escort was clearly off his guard, his thoughts on other interests of the scene.

"No single one?" he questioned absently.

The girl turned in her chair and faced her companion.

"This is sudden, Henry, you will have to admit!" she said.

Mr. David Davies, who has appeared in Toronto on several occasions as Moriarty in "Sherlock Holmes," is now with "The Bonnie Briar Bush" Company, having succeeded Mr. J. H. Stoddart in the leading role of Lachlan Campbell. "The Bonnie Briar Bush" will be seen here late in the season.

HAL.

The Return of Guilbert and Chevalier.

The news that Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier are booked for a return engagement at Massey Music Hall next Thursday evening, November 15, is glad tidings of great joy to Toronto's concert lovers. Mr. Houston is to play the now famous "joint alliance" at a popular scale of prices, which means the gathering of an audience limited only by the size of the building. Features of the performance

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ALBERT CHEVALIER
As "A Fallen Star," reappearing at Massey Hall, Nov. 15.



THE past ten days have not been very prolific in musical happenings. On Thursday evening of last week the sergeants of the 48th Highlanders gave an entertainment in which music played an important part. The occasion witnessed the first appearance of the Toronto Male Quartette, who sang the "Old Brigade" of Barri with a finish and refinement not often heard in this popular song. They also gave Dudley Buck's "On the Sea" with excellent balance of the parts and good shading. Miss Bertha M. Crawford sang "In Sunny Spain" by Schleiffarth in pleasing style and with fluent technique. Miss Helen Kirby Ferguson rendered Bloesley's "Jessie's Dream" with sweetness of voice and natural expression; Mr. Ruthven McDonald sang "The Standard on the Braes of Mar" in splendid voice and Mr. Frank Bemrose contributed Slater's "Nancy waits for Jack" with that engaging quality of voice and taking style for which he is noted. The humorous singers were Messrs. James Fax and Bert Harvey who as usual made the popular hits of the evening. In addition to the music there were bagpipe solos by Pipe Major Beaton, Scotch reels, by eight sergeants of the Highlanders, dramatic recitals by J. H. Cameron, and choruses by the sergeants of the regiment with solos by Color Sergeant F. W. Davidson.

The Sacred Harmonic Society held a most successful rehearsal last Wednesday evening at the Conservatory of Music. The members present gave an excellent account of the choral numbers of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and the conductor, Dr. J. Persse Smith, expressed himself highly gratified with the progress made. The rehearsals will continue to be held on each Wednesday evening. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of co-operating in the work of the Society will be able to do so by communicating with the honorary secretary, W. E. Johnson, 42 Robert street, or the conductor, Dr. J. Persse-Smith, 1018 Bathurst street.

Mr. George Dixon has been engaged to sing the tenor solos in the production of "Olivet to Calgary" to be given by the choir of Bloor street Baptist Church early in December. Mr. Dixon is also booked to appear in concert at Niagara Falls, Dundas, Oakville, Sarnia, Oshawa, Peterboro, and West End Young Men's Christian Association.

The high estimation in which M. Saint Saens was held by Dr. von Bulow is illustrated in an anecdote which Carl Zerrahn used to delight in telling. On the occasion of the German pianist's first visit to the United States, after one of his concerts at which Mr. Zerrahn conducted the orchestra, the two took a walk, in the course of which the doctor asked his companion whom he considered the greatest living musician, Liszt excepted. Zerrahn gave an opinion with which von Bulow did not agree. Asked the same question in turn, the latter answered, "Saint-Saens." He then related that once he had called on Wagner and found Saint-Saens with him. The two Germans becoming interested in conversation in their native language, Saint-Saens was neglected for a while, during which he picked up the manuscript score of "Siegfried," which was lying upon the pianoforte, placed it upon the desk and began to play. Wagner talked on until his attention was arrested by the strains. Then he stopped and listened. Neither he nor von Bulow, as the latter confessed, had ever heard such score-playing before, and it was all prima vista. Without a word Wagner walked over to the pianoforte and began turning the leaves of the score for the player. Scarcely an effect was lost; the Frenchman seemed intuitively to have grasped the entire structure of the work, and he reproduced it in its transformed shape without a second's hesitation. Wagner was speechless. When the last page was played he embraced the pianist and kissed him. "I too, can play score," said von Bulow, relating the incident to Mr. Zerrahn, "but neither I nor any living man could have performed that feat like Saint-Saens. He is the most thorough of living musicians. (Er ist der grösste musikalische Kopf der Jetztzeit!)"

The Sherlock Male Quartette, assisted by Mabel Manley-Pickard, soprano, gave one of their popular programmes at Oakville on the 2nd under the auspices of the Methodist Church. This admirable Quartette appears to grow more popular each season. Concerts have been booked for Agincourt, Grand Valley, Dundas, Niagara Falls, Peterborough, Midland, and other places.

Mr. Paul Hahn has been engaged as solo cellist for the Musical Festival at Erie, Pa., November 28.

The Tuesday evening practices for the production of Handel's Oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus" by the Oratorio Society in January are progressing so favorably as to warrant the assertion that the performance of this great work will be one of the important musical events of the season. The Society will be assisted by eminent

singers as principals and by an orchestra of between 40 and 50, reinforced by the organ in Massey Hall.

Rhynd Jamieson, whose portrait appears in this issue, is one of the rising young solo singers of Canada. Possessed of a baritone voice of power, mellowness, and distinction, he has already won many notable successes in public. His singing up to a short time ago as baritone soloist at the Church of the Redeemer attracted much attention and elicited warm praise from both the public and the press. He has just been offered and has accepted a similar position at the Bloor street Baptist Church, the choir of which is rapidly coming to the front for the excellence of its services of praise, and the high character of its solo singers. While Mr. Jamieson may be considered a juvenile, his age being about twenty years, he is animated by rare intelligence, sincerity, and enthusiasm, his steady aim being to develop both in vocal technique and artistic interpretation. He enunciates his words with distinctness, has a significant oratorical delivery, and has an easy production that gives no suspicion of forcing of the voice. Mr. Jamieson has been for two years past a pupil of Miss Marie Strong, one of the most thoughtful and intellectual of our local teachers. Mr. Jamieson has an extended repertoire of secular and sacred songs and has made a specialty of the rendering of Scotch songs. Mr. Jamieson's expression is free from exaggeration or sentimentality. He has a dread of explosive emotion or hectic sentiment



RHYND JAMIESON, Baritone

and holds himself in well-governed restraint. With increased experience, and with the added confidence in himself that will follow, he will, it may be expected allow his temperament a fuller freedom.

The Executive Committee in charge of His Excellency's Musical and Theatrical Trophy Competition to take place at Ottawa in the week commencing January 28th, has announced that each competing company must be prepared to meet its own expenses, it being understood that the various competing companies are representing their respective cities for the honor of winning His Excellency's Trophy, and the cities eligible to send such representative companies will doubtless assist in defraying their expenses. The Transportation Committee, however, are confident of obtaining special railway rates, of which prompt notification will be given within a few days. The Reception Committee will also arrange for the lowest possible hotel and boarding house rates and in addition thereto as many members as possible of the visiting companies (especially those from a distance) will be entertained in private houses during their stay in Ottawa. The General Committee at Ottawa has assumed all the expenses in connection with the theater for the week and all other incidental expenses.

The revised conditions of the Competition are as follows: (Open to British North America.)

1. The Competition will take place at the Russell Theater, Ottawa, during the week commencing the 28th of January, 1907.

2. Each provincial capital city, and each city having a population of 50,000 and St. John's, Newfoundland, may send one company. If two or more companies in any one city desire to enter the Competition, the one receiving the endorsement of the Lieu-

tenant Governor shall alone be entitled to enter.

3. The entertainment given by each company shall be limited to one hour and a half.

4. The character of the entertainment, whether musical, theatrical or otherwise, shall be absolutely in the discretion of the respective companies.

5. The number of performers in each company is limited to 50 but they must all comply with the decision of the Executive Committee respecting amateurs as follows:

"No person who has within the past five years lived by the profession of music or the drama is eligible. It is not intended to exclude musicians, or players, who, while music or the drama is not their main calling, have accepted nominal pay, from church choirs, amateur musical organizations and amateur dramatic associations."

6. Entries must be made before the 1st of December. Previous notification of intention to enter will be of service to the Committee.

7. Companies may comprise either ladies or gentlemen, or both.

8. Renditions may be either in English or French.

During the absence of Mr. Arthur Ingham in Pittsburgh to-morrow (Sunday), the organ at Central Methodist Church will be presided over by Dr. T. Alexander Davies, Organist of St. James Square Presbyterian Church.

Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly," will have its first New York performance, in English, at the Garden Theater on November 12. The theater will have to be completely overhauled in order to accommodate the extensive scenic effects employed to heighten the Japanese atmosphere of the production. A series of allegorical curtains will prepare the observer for the beauties of the picturesque Japanese environment, designed by na-

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comparatively early on Saturday thus rendering it impossible to give a thoughtful review of Saturday night musical events. Under the new arrangement the new works by Russian composers introduced at these concerts and the performances themselves will it is thought receive more adequate consideration.

In a recent Berlin interview Caruso said that he had received as much as \$8,000 from a phonographic firm for singing four songs, besides a percentage on the sales, which has already yielded \$4,000 more, making \$3,000 for one song, with a great deal more to come. That makes a record in more than one sense.

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ANEC DOTAIL

A stock-broker, whose mind was always full of business was asked a few days ago how old his father was. "Well," said he, abstractedly, "he's quoted at 80, but there is every prospect that he will reach par and possibly be at a premium."

Doctor Whipple, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the western states, and before going to the place of meeting, asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects unguarded in the lodge. "Plenty safe," granted the red man. "No white man is a hundred miles from here."

That he was a stickler for pure English is shown by the following story of Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, who was discovered by his wife kissing one of her serving maids. "Why, Dr. Johnson," said the wife. "I am surprised." "No," said the recalcitrant husband, "that is not exactly right, dear. I am surprised. You are astonished."

In a Parisian cafe an American ordered a hors d'oeuvre, sole, agneau pre sale, artichoke salad, peche Melba, and so on, and, when the waiter brought him a bill of thirty francs, he paid it like a man. After his change was brought, he counted it, and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach: "Pardon, Monsieur, but that is the counterfeit franc."

An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench. "How do you do, sir?" said the alienist. "What is your name, may I ask?" "My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course." "Indeed?" said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the Emperor of Germany." "Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."

Three Americans, travelling in the French Provinces, thought at dinner that they would go a little higher than the vin ordinaire included in their three-franc table d'hôte, and accordingly one ordered a bottle of Margaux. The second ordered Pontet Canet. The third ordered Haut Brion. The waiter, suitably impressed with these orders, retired. But he incautiously as he retired left the door open, and thus it was that the three stupefied guests heard him give their order in these terms: "Baptiste, three bottles of the red."

An old bachelor bought a pair of socks and found attached to one a paper with these words: "I am a young lady of twenty, and would like to correspond with a bachelor with a view to matrimony." The name and address were given. The bachelor wrote, and in a few days got this reply: "Mamma was married twenty years ago. Evidently the merchant of whom you bought those socks did not advertise, or he would have sold them long ago. My mother handed me your letter and said possibly I might suit. I am eighteen."

Lord Roberts once found himself among new friends at a London club. There was a very tall man present, who, evidently believed himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous General, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

When the late Mrs. Craigie, the noted novelist, was in America last year, she was invited to make an address at a certain meeting. The chairman, a rather stupid person, introduced before her some speakers who were not on the programme at all. It was close on to eleven o'clock when the chairman, with a pleasant smile, bowed and said: "Mrs. Craigie,



the eminent author of 'Some Emotions and a Moral,' will now give us her address." Mrs. Craigie rose and said calmly: "My address is No. 56 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W., London, and I now wish you all good night, for I am far from home."

The late Senator Quay used to tell of an Irishman who prided himself upon his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where the Irishman worked, he told the men to leave everything in his hands: he would break the news to the boy's mother as it should be done. He went home and put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's shanty. "Good mornin' ma'am," he said. "'Tis the sad accident yer boy's gold watch has met wid." "Why," said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch." "Sure, an' that's lucky," said the diplomat, "fur twenty tons uv rock just fell on him."

In a suit recently tried in a Virginian town a young lawyer of limited experience was addressing the jury on a point of law, when, good-naturedly, he turned to opposing counsel, a man of much more experience than himself, and asked: "That's right, I believe, Colonel Hopkins?" Whereupon, Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied: "Sir, I have an office in Richmond wherein I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration." The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half-dollar piece, which he offered Colonel Hopkins with this remark: "No time like the present. Take this, sir, tell us what you know, and give me the change."

A publisher who occupies a loft in Seventeenth street, New York, directed one of his clerks to hang out a "Boy Wanted" sign at the street entrance a few days ago. The card had been swinging in the breeze only a few minutes when a red-headed little lad, climbed to the publisher's office with the sign under his arm. "Say, mister," he demanded of the publisher, "did youse hang out this here 'Boy Wanted' sign?" "I did," replied the publisher sternly. "Why did you tear it down?" Back of the freckles the youngster was gazing in wonder at the man's stupidity. "Hully gee!" he blurted, "Why, I'm the boy!" And he was.

In one of the lesser Indian hill wars an English detachment took an Afghan prisoner. The Afghan was very dirty. Accordingly two privates were deputed to strip and wash him. The privates dragged the man to a stream of running water, undressed him, plunged him in, and set upon him hastily with stiff brushes and large cakes of white soap. After a long time one of the privates came back to make a report. He saluted his officer and said disconsolately: "It's no use, sir. It's no use." "No use?" said the officer. "What do you mean? Haven't you washed that Afghan yet?" "It's no use, sir," the private repeated. "We've washed him for two hours, but it's no use." "How do you mean it's no use?" said the officer angrily. "Why, sir," said the private, "after rubbin' him and scrubbin' him till our arms ached, Ill be hanged if we didn't come to another suit of clothes."

There was an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went. In the sitting-room of the villa there was a very comfortable arm chair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. But alas! she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog. Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her; but instead she would go to the window and call "Cats!" Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He stroled over to the window, and, looking out, appeared very much excited, and set up a tremendous barking. The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair.

"The Old Man," in The Cranbrook (B.C.) Herald, tells a story of a little boy whom he says belongs to the Sunday school class in the Methodist church there. That little boy has been springing the witticism in question so long and has moved to so many different towns, that he surely must be in long trousers by this time. All the same, the story is a good one. The lad, we are told, did not

know the other scholars and appeared nervous, half scared, and ready to cry at any second. The teacher, however, treated him kindly, and the lessons proceeded without any outburst. After a short reading of the Bible the teacher began to question the pupils on their last lessons, and asked: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" As no one answered, she looked from boy to boy. At last her gaze rested on the new boy. He started guiltily and said, between sobs: "It wasn't me, honest, teacher. I just moved here last week from Fernie."

The old "hoss" trader, who was said to be the original of David Harum, operated in Central New York. A friend who was also in the business had purchased a fine team on commission and invited David to accompany him on the trip of delivery. They entered a parlor car and had seated themselves comfortably for a night's ride, when a dapper young man entered, and, after glancing around, walked up to them. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "I guess you are in the wrong seat." "Guess not," said David; "we've paid our fare and we are very comfortable as we are." "Possibly you don't know who I am," said the stranger. "Calculate that's right," said David. "I'm Sloan, the son of the president of this road." "Derned if I care," said David, "but I guess you don't know who I am." The young man confessed that he didn't have the pleasure of the interrogator's acquaintance. "Well," drawled Dave, "I'm the father of the Cardiff Giant," and he settled back while the astonished president's son retired in confusion.

Bishop Potter relates that a certain Baltimore layman who was a very good judge of wines offered some very indifferent claret to a clergyman who was his visitor. Afterward his wife said to him: "Mr. W.—I think that was very poor claret that you left out for Dr. J.—" "It was," answered her husband, "but he didn't know it. I have had one lesson which has taught me never to waste anything good on the clergy. You know how I loved Dr. A. Cleveland Cox? Well, when he left Baltimore I gave him six bottles of that X Madeira. You know its value. It is priceless. It was worth its weight in gold. In New York I went one day to Dr. Cox's rectory to lunch. At the table the rector pressed upon me all that it offered, until at length I said: 'Thank you. I am not very well; indeed I am rather faint, and I wondered, Doctor, if I could have a glass of that Madeira that I gave you when you left Baltimore?' 'Certainly,' said the rector, turning to the lady who presided at the other end of the table, 'Lucy, dear, where is that Madeira that Mr. W.—gave us?' 'Why, don't you remember, love?' said the lady of the house, 'I used it to wash the baby with!'

Here is a story told by the editor of The Grimsby Independent: "I was travelling through the Township of Caistor not long ago, and I met a lad on the road, so wishing to be friendly, I said, 'Good morning Bill, how are you?' 'My name's not Bill,' the boy replied. 'My name is Ishmael.' About half a mile further on I met another lad and I said again, 'Good morning, Bill, how are you?' 'Why,' he says, 'Mister, my name ain't Bill. My name is Ephraim.' About a mile farther on I met two boys, so I says to the first one, 'Hello, Bill! How are you?' 'My name's not Bill,' the boy replied. 'My name is Darius.' Well, I says to myself, I guess there is nobody in this township the name of Bill, so the next boy that I meet I'll call him Obadiah. I didn't go far before I met another lad, and to him I said, 'Good morning, Obadiah, how are you?' 'Why,' he replied, 'my name is not Obadiah, mister. My name is Bill!' 'Well,' I says, 'Godd darn it, Bill, here's my hand on it. You are the first sign of civilization that I've seen in this township today.'

The members of a football team were in my car going to another city to play, said a sleeping car conductor. They had to ride half the night and so they took the sleeper. One youth had 80 cents to spend, and when he went to bed he decided to hide that money so nobody would find it. When no one was looking he slipped it into the toe of one of his shoes. Then he put the shoes under the berth and went to sleep to dream of his fortune below. Well, along in the night the porter came in and began his work of shining shoes. He found the jay's shoes with the 80 cents in it and you ought to have seen him smile. "Dis man am sittin' a gentleman," he said. "Jes think—leavin' me 80 cents jes fo' blackin' his shoes." The next morning when the player found his 80 cents gone he almost had a fit. He made the porter give him back his money. The porter was mad. He came to me and said: "Say, boss, you know that feller Ah said was a gentleman fo' leavin' me 80 cents fo' blackin' his shoes?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, he ain't no gentleman—he's a jay. He was usin' dat shoe as a bank."

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Sanitary Bottle Stoppers

THE BACK-BREAKER BEATEN





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The Catty Woman

N moments of strong provocation there are two opprobrious epithets which spring readily to feminine lips, and seem adequate for any occasion. The term usually applied by lovely woman to man the oppressor has furnished such unlimited copy for the professional humorist that we cannot hear the word "brute" without thinking of a man who has stayed late at the club, balked at his wife's millinery bill, or, most deadly insult, made odious comparisons between her cooking and that of his maternal progenitor. Under such circumstances the name is, of course, both appropriate and descriptive; but how a dainty bit of femininity done up in white muslin and ribbons can be truthfully called a "cat" is somewhat puzzling to the average male mind at least. There are, however, many points of similarity between the feline that goes on four feet and her namesake who navigates on two. Treachery and slyness are outstanding traits of cats and catty women alike; and even as there are many varieties of the former so are there many manifestations of the latter. A common type is the woman who never makes a straightforward assertion or accusation; she just insinuates. She turns love's young dream into a nightmare, causes family estrangements, upsets business relations, and is so surprised at her success because she never said anything—just insinuated. "Did you hear why Mrs. Smith cannot keep a servant more than a month? You didn't? Well, of course Miss Brown may not have meant anything, but the way she told it was certainly very funny. If it was true—of course it can't be—I should really feel sorry for poor Mr. Smith." Or she says to the sweet young thing, "Oh you sly puss, what is this I hear about you and Jack! But you will need to keep a tag on him, love. Though perhaps you don't mind him taking Miss Maynard to the theatre so often. You did not know he did? Oh, well, I may have been mistaken. Miss Maynard is a very attractive girl, though, don't you think so?" Then when Mrs. Smith cuts Miss Brown, and the sweet young thing has, with a mysterious, injured air and much dignity, given the bewildered Jack his conge, the catty woman concedes with all four in a manner calculated to add a cayenne pepper sting to their already lacerated feelings.

Just as irritating, and equally difficult to combat, is the woman who, under guise of friendship, tells you all the disagreeable things she has ever heard or imagined about you. "I think, my dear, you ought to know what Miss Wilson said after the fraternity dance. I am sure it is just thoughtless fun on your part, but she says the brazen way in which you run after and encourage the men is simply scandalous, and that the young men are secretly laughing at you." "Your new suit? How perfectly sweet! It must just have been jealousy on Mrs. Dowson's part when she said your skirt hung frightfully, and that the coat looked as if it had been made by a country dressmaker." Whereupon the victims are goaded into making some uncomplimentary remarks about Miss Wilson and Mrs. Dowson. These the catty woman hastens to repeat, without, of course, telling what led up to them.

Another type is the woman who resents, as a personal insult, the attractiveness of other members of her sex, and vents her spleen in such remarks as, "Did you not sleep well last night? You have such dark circles under your eyes." Or, "My dear, you really should take a vacation. You are looking awfully dragged out and pale. You feel quite well? Then perhaps it is just your dress, that color is so trying unless one has a very clear complexion." When she cannot think of anything else, she inquires if you have a cold. This tender solicitude leaves you in pleasing uncertainty as to whether you have been talking through your nose, or if it is merely that that organ is red and swollen. Naturally, the victim of such criticism feels somewhat depressed, and her good looks suffer accordingly. Perhaps, in time, she discovers the motive of her critic, then the sisterhood of cats receives an addition to its ranks.

The last variety of catty woman is usually a little younger than those mentioned above, and always unmarried; though the latter, it might be said, is more her failing than her fault. She it is who at social gatherings never introduces a man to any of her girl friends, and if he asks for an introduction, always has some excuse ready. "Yes, I'll introduce you to Miss Sutherland; but you see she is talking to Mr. Van Dusen, at present. Just remind me later, will you." Later in the evening—"I promised to introduce you to Miss Sutherland? My dear boy, it is no use meeting her now. I know positively that her programme is filled." It is this same girl who, arriving to make an evening call at a house where a young man is similarly engaged, immediately invents some good reason for leaving early and takes him with her. On the way home she diplomatically intimates that their erstwhile hostess is not so charming as she appears, or else that she is already engaged. Next day she tells the girl the same little fairy tale about him. She is also a past master in the art of saying spiteful things in a naive way; the naïveté being intended for the mascu-

line portion of her audience. "You old! Why honey, you are only four years my senior, and you look so young for your age." "I really envy your never having to do a thing around the house. My mother isn't nearly as delicate as yours, and I do most of the housekeeping. Your husband will have to pay for it, though, dear. "You look too sweet for anything in that dress; your modiste is simply a marvel at bringing out the good points and concealing defects." All this is said with such sweetness, and apparently good intention, that the helpless victim can only writhe inwardly. For if she shows her annoyance the astute masculine observers, whose knowledge of "cats" is nil, ascribe to her the temper of a Xantippe.

What is the cause of cattiness in women? Well, as a general rule, it is failure. Nine times out of ten the catty woman is a social, musical, literary or matrimonial failure, and her tongue showeth her heart's bitterness. Sometimes it may be the cattiness which causes the failure, but in any case she is more to be pitied than feared. For cattiness, like murder, cannot be hid, and the reputation once acquired she becomes powerless to do much except make enemies for herself. Nor is she without usefulness, for many a woman whose inoffensiveness is her chief recommendation becomes a creature of infinite charm by comparison with the catty woman.

TEXAS.

Susanne.

With the sunshine of his smiles—
Summer's gone, the ruddy rover,
Bands of bees above the clover,
Wren-song down the woodland
aisles;
But the autumn light discloses
He has left a touch of tan
And the glamour of his roses
On the cheeks of fair Susanne.

What the drifting of her dreams are,
Who can tell by what bright
shores?—
Limpid lakes where rainbow gleams
are
Shattered by the dip of oars;
Blissful hours of moonlight boating
Where a lyric river ran—
Thoughts of these perchance go
floating
Through the brain of fair Susanne.

Or mayhap her flocking fancies
(Gossamer were not so light!)
Bring back climbs or drives or dances
In the mountains—Green or White,
Golf—if that game seem not gruesome—
Haply it her visions scan;
O to play a truant "twosome"
By the side of fair Susanne!

What if all this talk were folly?
That were not a great surprise!
Sooth, no mood of melancholy
Looks from out the maiden's eyes!
Maybe (scoff not Punctinello!)
'Tis the future and a man
(What a lucky, lucky fellow!)
Fill the mind of fair Susanne!

—Clinton Scollard, in "Life."

Money in a Name.

The following conversation was overheard the other day between two builders in a semi-aristocratic suburb of one of our large cities:

"Hallo! I see you have put a crown a week more on the rent of those new houses of yours."

"Yes, a friend of mine in the municipal office told me they are going to change the name of the street from Binns road to Arundel avenue."

—London "Telegraph."

Deus Sub Machina.

The auto car of the well-known actor had broken down and the chauffeur was underneath it, trying to discover the trouble.

"Who is the man under the machine?" asked a bystander.

"He's my understudy," replied the actor, running his hand through his hair.—Yonkers "Statesman."

Diagnosed.

Tommy—Father, what is a perfect gentleman?

Father—A perfect gentleman is a man who, when you begin telling him your troubles, does not interrupt by trying to tell you his.—Toronto "Truth."

It's a wise ghost that knows its own "ombstone"—by the epitaph.—"Smart Set."



Mother (who has been asked to suggest a game for a rainy afternoon)—Why don't you pretend you are me? And George can be Daddy. Then you can might play at housekeeping.

Daughter—But, mother, we've quarrelled once already!—"Punch."

MAN LEADS IN ENDURANCE

N a short-distance race—anything up to 60 or 70 miles—between a man and a horse, the man would certainly be vanquished. But as the distance increased the man's chances would become greater, says a sporting writer in The Grand Magazine. Man's running record for 60 miles is 7 hours 30 minutes and 33 seconds, a record which a good horse could beat. But how many horses would equal man's running record for 100 miles, viz., 13 hours, 36 minutes and 30 seconds. And supposing a horse were found capable of accomplishing this feat, could such an animal continue moving, as the man did, till he had covered 150 miles in 22 hours, 28 minutes and 25 seconds?

Nor did this particular man, Charles Rowell of Cambridge, cease work even at 150 miles. On the contrary, he put up a record of 380 miles in 79 hours, 40 minutes and 25 seconds. More than one horse, I imagine, would have been needed to cover such a distance in such a time.

Yet Rowell's feat by no means represents the limit of this particular form of human endurance. P. Fitzgerald of New York covered 500 miles in 109 hours, 18 minutes and 20 seconds, and George Littlewood of Sheffield, 623 3-4 miles in 141 hours, 57 minutes and 30 seconds. Where, then, would your horse be in a really long race?

One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in the performance of feats of this description is the doing more or less without sleep. In this particular trying form of endurance a man holds records that no living creature, with the exception of a salmon or goldfish, could ever hope to equal.

In October, 1808, Captain Barclay of Ury made a match for 1,000 guineas with Wedderburn Webster to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours—one mile for each separate hour. The start was made on June 1, 1809, at Newmarket Heath, and the course was a public road. Captain Barclay was 26 years old at the time, and weighed at the outset 13 stone, four pounds. The feat was deemed impossible, but the captain displayed such pluck and endurance that after a time odds of 2 to 1 were laid on his accomplishing it. Before the finish these odds rose to 100 to 1. The last mile was concluded on July 12 at 3.37 p.m., and the match was won.

Captain Barclay's feat, which only a human being could have accomplished, remained unequalled in spite of many attempts to perform it until the appearance on the scene of a pedestrian marvel named William Gale, who in September and October, 1877, walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours, each mile and a half walk to be started at the commencement of the hour. The present writer saw the finish of that gigantic task. Gale, who was 45 years of age, appeared thoroughly done up. In the last walk but one it seemed as if he could never finish. Then, to everyone's amazement, he pulled himself together and positively sprinted the final journey, amid the frantic cheers of the onlookers. The two last mentioned achievements have put our four-legged friends completely out of order, but even they do not represent the full extent of man's powers in this direction.

The majority of animals know how to swim by instinct. They have not to acquire the art, as man has, and yet compared to man, how feeble do they appear for the first part. On land it is admitted that man, in a short-distance contest must play second fiddle. In the water—save as regards creatures whose natural habitat it is—a different story has to be told. Dogs swim well and fast, but where is the dog who would "live with" Joseph Nutall or any other first-class man over the length of a bath or a hundred yards? If it comes to endurance, again does any one believe there is a quadruped in existence—except the hippopotamus, which would be poisoned by the salt water—that could swim the channel. Yet Captain Webb did this, while Montagu Holbein and others have made valiant attempts, that have deserved, though not achieved, success.

Drop a good swimming man and dog in the water two or three miles from land, which would have the better chance of life? The man beyond a doubt.

Wall Paper Designs

are showing the work of the artist and less of the mere color-printer. The patterns shown here are

WORKS OF ART

The color is delightfully harmonized or contrasted, subdued tints and patches of glowing hues are placed where they will give eye-pleasing and decorative results.

These papers, besides being remarkable for their beauty, have the additional attraction of a remarkably low price.

The W. J. BOLUS CO.
LIMITED,
245 Yonge St., Toronto.



All the "Say Soss" of all the bakers that ever baked will not make a bread good bread.

The test of quality is your own judgment when it is served to you and you begin to eat it.

And there's just the test to give

BREDIN'S CREAM LOAF

Ask your grocer for a loaf—have the delivery leave you a loaf—phone North 133—Drop a card to Bredin's Bake Shop, 160-164 Avenue Road—get a way to get a loaf some way, and it's "dollars to doughnuts" your bread worries will be at an end.

The Bredin's Cream Loaf
Is all quality, and it stands to reason that it is, being made from

The finest of flour.
The richest of cream.
The sweetest of Dairy Butter.
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Weights 16 ounces—COSTS 5 CENTS.

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SCOTCH WHISKY

10 and 20 Years Old

David Heilbron & Sons
GLASGOW

Windsor SALT

is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

Insist on having
—WINDSOR
SALT.

EATON Diamonds



There is but one kind of perfection in diamonds just as there is but one kind of honesty. Let us show you that Eaton Diamonds are perfect and extra low priced.

INSTEAD of purchasing in lots we select each stone separately—thus we sell no poor diamonds and we (and you) have no losses.

Every stone is a West-Seton (South Africa) gem of purest water, cut and polished perfectly and flawlessly.

"Blue white" stones are generally preferred for that added tinge of color to the brilliancy. These are they.

We purchased long before the large increase in prices. Having only uniformly good stones and able to sell for an extra low margin, our prices are the limit of lowness.

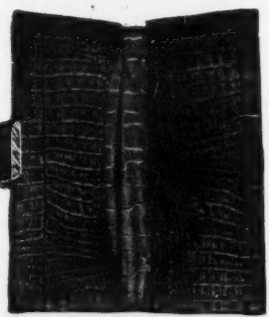
Solitaires in good settings, \$12.75 to \$225.

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Also single, twin and five-stone rings.

The ring illustrated, \$178.75.

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in the beautiful velvet Alligator.

For a wedding, Christmas, or any kind of gift, these cases are most suitable. We are making a great variety of styles.

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Massage, Electricity, Swedish movements and facial massage. Patients treated at their residence if desired.

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Kennedy Shorthand School

At New York last week Miss Rose L. Fritz, the Kennedy School expert typist, won for the second time the Championship of the World.

She wrote 85 words a minute for one hour; a marvellous record.

9 Adelaide St. E.
TORONTO

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

The marriage of Captain Algernon J. Cuthell, 2nd Battalion Prince of Wales Own Yorkshire Regiment, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Cuthell of Frensham Grove, Farnham, Surrey, and Miss Rhona Kathleen Adair, youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Adair of Glenhvon, Cookstown, Antrim, and known in Toronto since her visit with the golfers some seasons ago, took place last month, in Derryoran parish church, which was beautifully decorated for the event, and literally packed with guests and spectators. The bride's fame as a champion golfer is world-wide, and her many winsome traits endear her to all who know her. Her robe des noces was of Irish poplin, with a panel of Irish lace and trimmings of the same on the bodice, with plenty of orange blossoms as well. The court train was of panne satin, lined with silk and ruffled with chiffon, and clusters of orange blossoms and myrtle with knots of tasseled silk cord trimming it. The veil was of Brussels lace, an heirloom to the Adair brides, and a coronet of orange flowers held it. The shower bouquet was of Niphetos roses, white heather and lily of the valley. Miss Christine Graves, cousin of the bride, bore her train, and four bridesmaids attended her. The bridegroom and his best man were in the gorgeous trappings of war; a trio of parsons tied the nuptial knot, and in minute and voluminous detail the papers explain that it was such a wedding as befitted the dear little Irish lady we love and wish every happiness. The wedding cake had bells that really rang, and Cupids climbing ladders to ring them, and clusters of exquisite real flowers, and the splendid gowns of the bridal party were made by a London Court dressmaker. What more could anyone want?

Mrs. Frederic Campbell Hood (nee Wills) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday afternoon, November 14, at 43 Summerhill avenue, and afterwards on the first Monday in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Booth of Bathurst street have moved to their new home, 136 Balmoral avenue, Avenue road hill. Mrs. Booth will not receive until after the New Year.

The annual meeting of the Girls' Home was held on Wednesday, and was honored by the presence of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. It was of special interest, being the jubilee of the Home, which, after fifty years of great usefulness and success, recalls the generosity of its founder, old Mr. Cawthra, who gave the site in that long ago time. A roll call of the noble women who carried on the good work then would recall many a sweet saint gone to her rest, and I regret that at this moment memory fails me to recall their names. The Home is now in a high state of efficiency and has a clever and capable board, and most satisfactory officials in the house.

Her Toronto friends will send many good wishes to Miss Gabrielle Lavergne, only daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lavergne, on her marriage to Mr. Noel, on the 27th.

Several small dances have been given this week. At Benvenuto there has been a very pleasant one, and as for luncheons and teas their name has been Legion.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Hallowe'en, October 31, at 103 Gladstone avenue, the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. R. Craine, when her eldest daughter, Mabel, was married to Mr. W. R. Follis of Toronto. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Thomas Kennedy of Parry Sound. She wore a beautiful gown of grey colienne over grey silk, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. Miss Colina G. Craine, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. She wore a handsome gown of grey colienne over mauve silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. James Jarvis of Toronto Junction ably supported the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. W. Dewey of Davenport Methodist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Follis left on the ten o'clock train for a trip to Montreal, Boston and New York, and upon their return will reside at 106 Clendenan avenue, Toronto Junction.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Healy, recently of Smith's Falls, are now settled in their new home, 118 St. George street.

Mr. Gough P. Lynd of the Dominion Bank has been recently transferred to the Huntsville agency of that bank. Mr. Lynd is a clever young banker, and his many friends congratulate him on his preferment.

A merry crowd assembled on Hallowe'en at the home of Mr. Russell Hillman, Jarvis street. The young people, about thirty in number, were in costumes of children under twelve years of age. The house was very prettily decorated. Large pumpkin faces, witches, black cats and skulls glared from every corner in the drawing-room and supper-room, the chandeliers and doorways were decorated with autumn leaves, while from each corner of the rooms numerous strands of crepe paper were draped to the

chandeliers. All heartily joined in the children's games, such as stage-coach, donkey-tail, London bridge, etc. After supper dancing was indulged in, and the merry party broke up in the wee small hours of the morning, all the "youngsters" declaring they had a "spiff" time.

Some of the functions which are already in train for near dates are Mrs. Crawford's dance at McConkey's on next Wednesday at nine o'clock, Mrs. Cawthra's tea at Guiseley House on Monday at half-past four, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson's tea on Wednesday at five o'clock, Mrs. Follingsby's tea, also on Wednesday, at four-thirty, Mrs. Dalton's reception on November 17, the Young Bachelors' dance at McConkey's on November 20, Mrs. Clarkson's reception on Monday, for her daughter, Miss Edith Clarkson, Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis' dance on December 14, for her daughter's debut. This week two teas occurred too late for details, Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh's on Thursday and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald's on Friday. The marriage of Mr. Leigh Hammond and Miss Norma Stevens takes place this afternoon at half-past two. Mrs. Clinch gave a tea at the club yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Buchan and Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald were special guests at this little function. Mrs. Buchan has been visiting friends in London and was to return for Mrs. Clinch's tea.

Mr. Lewis W. Clemens will receive for the first time this season in his new studio, 36 Toronto street, on Thursday and Friday afternoons of next week, November 15 and 16.

Mrs. Alexander Davidson of College street and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald (who both have young daughters at school in England) are, I hear, on their way home to Toronto.

The first dance at Government House will probably not be given until after New Year's. His Excellency the Governor-General and several of his family are to be the guests of His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark at Government House during their visit to Toronto at the end of this month.

Mrs. Melville P. White (nee Yellowlees) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday, November 16, afternoon and evening, at 123 Kendal avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bain and Mr. Watson Bain, having sold their house on Charles street, are at 66 Isabella street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hees have moved from 71 to 73 Prince Arthur avenue.

The Hallowe'en celebration Friday evening at the Ontario Ladies' College this year was the finest yet. A record term in attendance: the students who took part were not only greater in number, but presented a far more delightful spectacle in the evolutions of several fancy marches under Miss Wreyford's direction. Upwards of a hundred were in fancy costume. At the end of the evening's entertainment they formed into a great circle and sang zestfully some of the college songs. The variety and beauty of the dresses, most of which were wholly the design and make of the young ladies, gave the judges a difficult task in deciding the prize-winners. These were: Prettiest costumes, Miss Henry, "The Sun"; Miss Webster, "Tigers"; humorous, Miss Case, Dutch girl; Miss Harrison, Buster Brown; designed and worked out by wearer, Miss Della Johnston, a paper sunflower. President R. C. and Mrs. Hamilton and a large number of Toronto directors were present, the annual meeting of the college having taken place in the afternoon.

Mrs. Charles H. Keller (nee Graham) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, November 15, at 82 Madison avenue, and afterwards on the first Friday in each month.

Mrs. R. C. Hamilton of St. Mary street will not receive again until January. Miss Nora Hamilton is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter H. Allworth of Montreal.

Mrs. Donald Macmillan will receive with her mother, Mrs. Oldright, of "Oakleigh," Carlton street, on November 12, before sailing for her new home at St. Kitts, B.W.I.

Mrs. Wm. R. Frankish (nee Todmore) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at 55 Isabella street, on Monday afternoon and evening of November 12, and every following Monday in November, then not again until the New Year.

Mrs. William Hamar Greenwood will receive for the first time in her new home, 16 Barton avenue, on Thursday, November 15, afternoon and evening.

The wedding was solemnized very quietly this afternoon in St. Bartholomew's Church by the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Miss Allie Muckleston, daughter of the late Robert T. Muckleston, and Mr. S. Irvin Shaffer. The bride wore a navy blue travelling suit with military braiding, and a pretty French

sailor trimmed with coque's feathers and touches of green velvet. Miss Perce Shaffer was bridesmaid, and Dr. Archibald Henderson acted as groomsmen. On their return from their honeymoon, which will be spent in Detroit and Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Shaffer will reside at 851 1-2 Bathurst street, where Mrs. Shaffer will be at home after December 1.

Mrs. Perry G. Goldsmith, recently of Belleville, will receive at her home, 84 Carlton street, on Monday next, November 12, from four to six, and afterwards the second Monday in each month.

At Mrs. Cross's home on Tuesday night three of the buds enjoyed their first dance since their coming-out, each wearing the prettiest of white frocks. They were Miss Mary Jarvis, Miss Frou Lemesurier and Miss Phyllis Kingsmill.

Miss Louise Scott, 85 St. George street, gave a jolly little tea on Thursday in honor of her guest, Miss Bowlby.

Mrs. W. A. Ellis of Avenue road will receive again on the third Friday in November, and not again until the second and third Fridays in January.

Dr. George W. Ross has left for New York to join the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. He hopes to return to Toronto in the course of two or three months.

Mrs. George Emmett, 1 Maryland avenue, South Parkdale, will receive on Wednesday, November 14, afternoon and evening, and afterwards on the second Wednesday of each month.

What's in a Name?

Not much sometimes, to be sure, but when the name is that of the Kennedy Studio, 107 King street west, it is a great deal. This name on a photograph signifies that it was made by the only Canadian photographer whose work was accorded salon honors by the Photographers' Association of America this year. If it's on your pictures you may be sure you've got the best.

Probably the prettiest spot in Toronto during the past week was Massey Hall, where the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition has been in full swing since the opening, on Tuesday. The Chrysanthemum Show, as it is popularly called, has been even more successful than formerly, the music of the Black Dyke band attracting many, while the fact that a number of exhibits came from private conservatories proved of interest to society. Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. St. John, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. Nordheimer and Mrs. Sweney judged the table decorations, and awarded first prize to J. S. Simons, whose table showed a most artistic arrangement of mauve orchids, lily of the valley, and maiden-hair fern. Orchids, it might be remarked, are rapidly growing in favor as a decorative medium, and were used on three of the four prize tables. They also formed a by no means small part of the flower exhibit, some particularly fine specimens of this exotic being shown. A new carnation, called the Winsor, sent from Tarrytown-on-Hudson, had a special interest in that the flowers shown here were used for that purpose in Boston on November 2, 3 and 4, and still looked quite fresh when seen in Massey Hall on the 7th. The display of chrysanthemums was very fine, and, besides the tables filled with exhibits of every imaginable species and color, this stately flower was used with palms to bank the platform, and form an effective background. Down in the basement were more roses, carnations and mammoth chrysanthemums, also some very small white ones, which were charmingly dainty, while over in one corner that much-discussed product, the seedless apple, proved quite an attraction. A welcome feature of the exhibition was the serving of ices by the ladies of St. Matthias, a number of pretty girls in appropriate costumes dispensing these dainties, which gave the social touch essential to complete success.

New York Excursion, November 20th. See New York Horse Show.

On November 20th, West Shore Railroad will run a popular excursion to New York at the low rate of \$9.00 for the round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, tickets good returning on or before November 29th—United States Thanksgiving Day—Splendid opportunity to take in New York Horse Show. Consult L. Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.
THOMAS—At the "Coronado," Winchester street, to the wife of F. M. Thomas, a son.
CROFT—Toronto, November 3, Mrs. Jack Croft, a son.
DOAN—Toronto, November 5, Mrs. A. K. Doan, a daughter.
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FERGUSON—Toronto, November 3, Mrs. C. S. Ferguson, a daughter.
OSBORNE—Mussorie, India, November 7, Mrs. G. F. F. Osborne, a son.
RACE—Toronto, November 6, Mrs. Fred Race, a daughter.
WILKINSON—Toronto, November

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—Shakespeare

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Highest Award St. Louis, 1904



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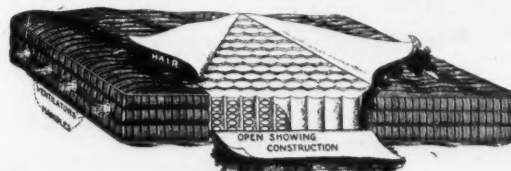
No fur can be beautiful unless it is good. Rich and Handsome Furs, are so because they have the genuine quality that gives them good appearance. Add to this sound character the rarer traits of Style and Smartness, with Comfort and Durability and you have the synopsis of Fairweather fur superiority. If you want really good furs, get them at

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5, Mrs. F. Wilkinson, a daughter.

Marriages.

BERTHON—McCARTHY—Toronto, November 6, Catharine Evelyn McCarthy to Augustus M. Berthon.
MacLEAN—PROCTOR—Toronto, November 6, Amy Proctor to J. R. MacLean, M.A.

Deaths.

BALL—Toronto, November 3, William A. Ball, M.D., aged 38 years.
DALY—Toronto, November 4, Harry A. Daly, aged 22 years.
GAULT—Toronto, November 3, Mrs. Sarah Gault, aged 79 years.
HASTINGS—Toronto, November 6, Mrs. Susannah Mitcheson Hastings, aged 96 years.
LESLIE—Toronto, November 5, Robert Gordon Leslie, aged 4 years.

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—and accounts of Treasurers, Housekeepers and others are welcomed and accorded careful attention.

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We make a special feature of Fur-Lined Coats for both ladies and gentlemen, and carry a wide range of handsome garments ready for immediate use.

Railroad-fare refunded to out-of-town customers during November. Ask for particulars.

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140 Yonge Street,

TORONTO

SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL

Great progress is daily being made in connection with His Excellency's Musical and Theatrical Trophy Competition, and now that a decision has been reached in regard to what was rather a knotty point, namely the term "amateur," everything is in readiness to receive applications for entry for the contest. An "amateur," according to the decision of the Competition Committee, is one who has not for the past five years lived by the profession of music or the dramatic art; but neither musicians nor those taking part in plays who have accepted remuneration from time to time, such as those singing in church choirs, or musical organizations who accept pay for their services will be debarred on account of such from entering the competition in Ottawa in January. The Lieutenant Governors of the nine different provinces of the Dominion have been requested to organize local committees and to appoint chairmen to deal with the matter in the various provinces, and the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario has very judiciously chosen Mr. A. Maclean Macdonald, barrister, of Toronto, well known as a successful amateur actor, as chairman for his Province.

Now that the colder weather makes indoor entertainments more acceptable many hostesses in the Capital are again turning their attention to the always popular bridge party, and teas have again become a necessary part of the daily round. Dinners and luncheons have also had a fair share of attention during the past week.

Mrs. Jack Carling of London, Ont., was the honored guest of a small bridge party at which Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar entertained on Monday evening, her guests including Col. and Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall and Mr. Leslie Macoun. Mrs. Carling left at the beginning of this week for Montreal, where she will remain for a short visit to her father, Mr. Justice Taschereau. Mrs. Gorrell was another bridge hostess who entertained on Thursday afternoon at a party of four tables, the prize winner being Mrs. Hugh Lewis. Later in the afternoon several additional guests dropped in to join in a cup of tea.

One of the merriest groups that has assembled this season met at Miss May Loucks' on Tuesday at the tea hour to enjoy the "cup that cheers" and also to meet Miss Mattice, late of Montreal, who with her father, Col. Mattice has come to Ottawa to reside, being now settled in their new home in Laurier Avenue West. All the bright younger girls who generally meet on these occasions were present and Miss Mabel Girouard did the honors of the tea-table which was prettily "done" with white carnations and ferns. Miss Loucks looked very charming in a gown of white crepe de chine. The same bright group of young people met again on Thursday afternoon when Mrs. Travers Lewis gave a large tea for her daughter Miss Norah Lewis, who is one of Ottawa's prettiest girls, and who looked extremely sweet in a very becoming gown of pale blue. The tea-table, prettily arranged with red roses and carnations, was looked after by Miss Ruth Sherwood and Miss Dorothy Fletcher, while a quartette of charming girls—Miss Dorothy White, Miss Clara Oliver, Miss Dorothy Cotton, and Miss Maud Borbridge—handed the ices, etc.

A rather unique and very enjoyable dinner was given on Halloween by Mr. and Mrs. George Bryson for Miss Kittson of Hamilton who is at present paying Miss Florence Whiteaves a visit. The house on the occasion was lighted throughout with Jack-o'-lanterns with candles and the dinner table also was emblematically arranged with several small lanterns among crimson tulle and roses, and each guest was the recipient of a pretty little favour, Miss Kittson's being a gold "lucky" bean set with a pearl. Each guest's cover was lighted with a miniature lantern, apples having been skillfully hollowed out for this and having a candle placed in the centre of each. Besides the "guest d'honneur" those present were Miss Beatrice Lindsay, Miss Florence Whiteaves, Miss Helen Coutlee, Mr. Hammett Hill, Mr. Russell Blackburn, Mr. D'Arcy McGee and Mr. McLaren.

The smartest event of the week was a most charming dinner at which Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams entertained at Rideau Cottage on Thursday in special honor of Viscount and Lady Howick, when the guests invited to meet them were Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Col. and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassils, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier and Mr. Hugh Fleming.

Miss Rita Pinney was a youthful hostess who entertained at two most successfully arranged luncheons last week, one on Thursday and the second on Friday when on both occasions the table was exquisitely decorated with crimson roses, in the centre of the table being a huge bunch to which were attached numerous crimson ribbons, one of which led to each cover and at the conclusion

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of the dainty little repast, each guest on gently pulling her ribbon received a generous bouquet of the pretty roses. On Thursday the guests were Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Ruth Sherwood, Miss Marjorie Powell, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Dorothy White, and Miss Gladys Irwin, while those on Friday included Miss Mary Davies, Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Lilian Taylor of Kingston, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Birkett, Miss Maud Borbridge, Miss Lilias Ahearn, Miss Nahn Power and Miss Edith Clemow.

The May Court Club had its initial meeting of this season on Thursday afternoon, at which there was a very large attendance of the members and the various officers for the ensuing year were appointed. Miss Flossie Fielding, who had recently been elected as May Queen for this season, having found it necessary to resign, Lady Sybil Grey was unanimously chosen to replace her and Miss Alice Fitzpatrick and Miss Flossie Fielding were appointed councillors to the May Queen. After the business portion of the meeting was concluded, Mrs. and Miss Fielding entertained at tea in the Club Rooms, the floral

decorations of yellow and white mums being much admired. Great interest in the details of the various projects put forward for the year's work was manifested by all present and much good among charities etc. will doubtless, as formerly, be the outcome of the work of this energetic club.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Nov. 5th, 1906.

The collection of water colors, by G. Brunecch, A.R.C.A., on view at the Art Rooms of W. A. Murray & Co., King street east, is creating considerable interest, and a large number have taken advantage of the opportunity to inspect the collection. The exhibition will close Thursday evening, the 15th inst.

Yes, No,—What?

In the gallery of the House of Representatives one afternoon last winter two visitors from a Western State fell to talking of their newly elected Representative.

"I ain't been here but a day," said one of the visitors, "so I ain't had a chance to hear the old man make a fore nine."—Translated from Le Sou-

to go after them trusts when he was making his run for the House! Been giving it to 'em pretty lively, I reckon, since he come to the House."

"Well," was the doubtful reply of the other Missourian, "I don't know so much about that. It appears to me that he's kinder short like in his speeches. I've been hangin' round for five or six days, an' I ain't heard him say much."

"If he does speak, you may be sure it was to the point," confidently added the first visitor.

"I reckon you're right there," said the other. "His speeches is brief, all right. I've heard him five times. Three times he says 'aye' and twice he says 'no.'—Harper's Weekly.

At Restaurant.

Wife (severely, to husband)—My dear, you have had enough wine now. Husband—You're right, my dear, always right. Here, waiter, bring me some whiskey!—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

"You want to make us believe you were born at four o'clock in the morning! Bosh! You never got up before nine."—Translated from Le Sou-

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There is but one kind of perfection in diamonds just as there is but one kind of honesty. Let us show you that Eaton Diamonds are perfect and extra low priced.

INSTEAD of purchasing in lots we select each stone separately—thus we sell no poor diamonds and we (and you) have no losses.

Every stone is a West-Seton (South Africa) gem of purest water, cut and polished perfectly and flawlessly.

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We purchased long before the large increase in prices. Having only uniformly good stones and able to sell for an extra low margin, our prices are the limit of lowness.

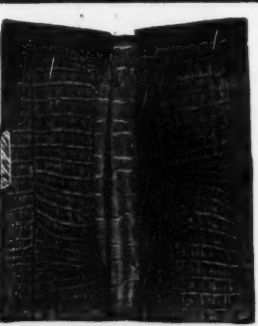
Solitaires in good settings, \$12.75 to \$225.

Three-stone Rings, \$42.25 to \$477.50.

Also single, twin and five-stone rings.

The ring illustrated, \$178.75.

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GLOVE AND HANDKER- CHIEF CASES

in the beautiful velvet Alligator.

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At New York last week Miss Rose L. Fritz, the Kennedy School expert typist, won for the second time the Championship of the World.

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL

The marriage of Captain Algernon J. Cuthell, 2nd Battalion Prince of Wales Own Yorkshire Regiment, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Cuthell of Frensham Grove, Farnham, Surrey, and Miss Rhona Kathleen Adair, youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Adair of Glenhoy, Cookstown, Antrim, and known in Toronto since her visit with the golfers some seasons ago, took place last month, in Derryoran parish church, which was beautifully decorated for the event, and literally packed with guests and spectators. The bride's fame as a champion golfer is world-wide, and her many winsome traits endear her to all who know her. Her robe des noces was of Irish poplin, with a panel of Irish lace and trimmings of the same on the bodice, with plenty of orange blossoms as well. The court train was of panne satin, lined with silk and ruffled with chiffon, and clusters of orange blossoms and myrtle with knots of tasseled silk cord trimming it. The veil was of Brussels lace, an heirloom to the Adair brides, and a coronet of orange flowers held it. The shower bouquet was of Niphetos roses, white heather and lily of the valley. Miss Christine Graves, cousin of the bride, bore her train, and four bridesmaids attended her. The bridegroom and his best man were in the gorgeous trappings of war; a trio of parsons tied the nuptial knot, and in minute and voluminous detail the papers explain that it was such a wedding as befitted the dear little Irish lady we love and wish every happiness. The wedding cake had bells that really rang, and Cupids climbing ladders to ring them, and clusters of exquisite real flowers, and the splendid gowns of the bridal party were made by a London Court dress-maker. What more could anyone want?

Mrs. Frederic Campbell Hood (nee Wills) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday afternoon, November 14, at 43 Summerhill avenue, and afterwards on the first Monday in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Booth of Bathurst street have moved to their new home, 136 Balmoral avenue, Avenue road hill. Mrs. Booth will not receive until after the New Year.

The annual meeting of the Girls' Home was held on Wednesday, and was honored by the presence of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. It was of special interest, being the jubilee of the Home, which, after fifty years of great usefulness and success, recalls the generosity of its founder, old Mr. Cawthra, who gave the site in that long ago time. A roll call of the noble women who carried on the good work then would recall many a sweet saint gone to her rest, and I regret that at this moment memory fails me to recall their names. The Home is now in a high state of efficiency and has a clever and capable board, and most satisfactory officials in the house.

Her Toronto friends will send many good wishes to Miss Gabrielle Lavergne, only daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lavergne, on her marriage to Mr. Noel, on the 27th.

Several small dances have been given this week. At Benvenuto there has been a very pleasant one, and as for luncheons and teas their name has been Legion.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Halloween, October 31, at 103 Gladstone avenue, the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. R. Craine, when her eldest daughter, Mabel, was married to Mr. W. R. Follis of Toronto. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Thomas Kennedy of Parry Sound. She wore a beautiful gown of grey eolienne over grey silk, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. Miss Colina G. Craine, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. She wore a handsome gown of grey eolienne over mauve silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. James Jarvis of Toronto Junction ably supported the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. W. Dewey of Davenport, Methodist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Follis left on the ten o'clock train for a trip to Montreal, Boston and New York, and upon their return will reside at 106 Clendenan avenue, Toronto Junction.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Healy, recently of Smith's Falls, are now settled in their new home, 118 St. George street.

Mr. Gough P. Lynd of the Dominion Bank has been recently transferred to the Huntsville agency of that bank. Mr. Lynd is a clever young banker, and his many friends congratulate him on his preferment.

A merry crowd assembled on Halloween at the home of Mr. Russell Hillman, Jarvis street. The young people, about thirty in number, were in costumes of children under twelve years of age. The house was very prettily decorated. Large pumpkin faces, witches, black cats and skulls glared from every corner in the drawing-room and supper-room, the chandeliers and doorways were decorated with autumn leaves, while from each corner of the rooms numerous strands of crepe paper were draped to the

chandeliers. All heartily joined in the children's games, such as stage-coach, donkey-tail, London bridge, etc. After supper dancing was indulged in, and the merry party broke up in the wee small hours of the morning, all the "youngsters" declaring they had a "spiff" time.

Some of the functions which are already en train for near dates are Mrs. Crawford's dance at McConkey's on next Wednesday at nine o'clock, Mrs. Cawthra's tea at Guiseley House on Monday at half-past four, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson's tea on Wednesday at five o'clock, Mrs. Follingsby's tea, also on Wednesday, at four-thirty, Mrs. Dalton's reception on November 17, the Young Bachelors' dance at McConkey's on November 20, Mrs. Clarkson's reception on Monday, for her daughter, Miss Edith Clarkson, Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis' dance on December 14, for her daughter's debut. This week two teas occurred too late for details, Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh's on Thursday and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald's on Friday. The marriage of Mr. Leigh Hammond and Miss Norma Stevens takes place this afternoon at half-past two. Mrs. Clinch gave a tea at the club yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Buchanan and Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald were special guests at this little function. Mrs. Buchanan has been visiting friends in London and was to return for Mrs. Clinch's tea.

Mr. Lewis W. Clemens will receive for the first time this season in his new studio, 36 Toronto street, on Thursday and Friday afternoons of next week, November 15 and 16.

Mrs. Alexander Davidson of College street and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald (who both have young daughters at school in England) are, I hear, on their way home to Toronto.

The first dance at Government House will probably not be given until after New Year's. His Excellency the Governor-General and several of his family are to be the guests of His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark at Government House during their visit to Toronto at the end of this month.

Mrs. Melville P. White (nee Yellowlees) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday, November 16, afternoon and evening, at 123 Kendal avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bain and Mr. Watson Bain, having sold their house on Charles street, are at 66 Isabella street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hees have moved from 71 to 73 Prince Arthur avenue.

The Halloween celebration Friday evening at the Ontario Ladies' College this year was the finest yet. A record term in attendance: the students who took part were not only greater in number, but presented a far more delightful spectacle in the evolutions of several fancy marches under Miss Wreyford's direction. Upwards of a hundred were in fancy costume. At the end of the evening's entertainment they formed into a great circle and sang zestfully some of the college songs. The variety and beauty of the dresses, most of which were wholly the design and make of the young ladies, gave the judges a difficult task in deciding the prize-winners. These were: Prettiest costumes, Miss Henry, "The Sun"; Miss Webber, "Tigers"; humorous: Miss Case, Dutch girl; Miss Harrison, Buster Brown; designed and worked out by wearer: Miss Della Johnston, a paper sunflower. President R. C. and Mrs. Hamilton and a large number of Toronto directors were present, the annual meeting of the college having taken place in the afternoon.

Mrs. Charles H. Keller (nee Graham) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, November 15, at 82 Madison avenue, and afterward on the first Friday in each month.

Mrs. R. C. Hamilton of St. Mary street will not receive again until January. Miss Nora Hamilton is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter H. Allworth of Montreal.

Mrs. Donald Macwilliam will receive with her mother, Mrs. Oldright, of "Oakleigh," Carlton street, on November 12, before sailing for her new home at St. Kitts, B.W.I.

Mrs. Wm. R. Frankish (nee Todmore) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at 55 Isabella street, on Monday afternoon and evening of November 12, and every following Monday in November, then not again until the New Year.

Mrs. William Hamar Greenwood will receive for the first time in her new home, 16 Barton avenue, on Thursday, November 15, afternoon and evening.

The wedding was solemnized very quietly this afternoon in St. Bartholomew's Church by the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Miss Allie Muckleston, daughter of the late Robert T. Muckleston, and Mr. S. Irvin Shaffer. The bride wore a navy blue travelling suit with military braiding, and a pretty French

sailor trimmed with coque's feathers and touches of green velvet. Miss Perce Shaffer was bridesmaid, and Dr. Archibald Henderson acted as groomsmen. On their return from their honeymoon, which will be spent in Detroit and Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Shaffer will reside at 851-1-2 Bathurst street, where Mrs. Shaffer will be at home after December 1.

Mrs. Perry G. Goldsmith, recently of Belleville, will receive at her home, 84 Carlton street, on Monday next, November 12, from four to six, and afterward the second Monday in each month.

At Mrs. Cross's home on Tuesday night three of the buds enjoyed their first dance since their coming-out, each wearing the prettiest of white frocks. They were Miss Mary Jarvis, Miss Frou Lemesurier and Miss Phyllis Kingsmill.

Miss Louise Scott, 85 St. George street, gave a jolly little tea on Thursday in honor of her guest, Miss Bowlby.

Mrs. W. A. Ellis of Avenue road will receive again on the third Friday in November, and not again until the second and third Fridays in January.

Dr. George W. Ross has left for New York to join the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. He hopes to return to Toronto in the course of two or three months.

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Highest Award St. Louis, 1904



RICH AND HANDSOME

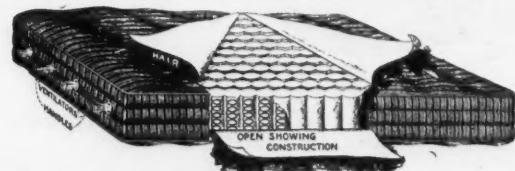
No fur can be beautiful unless it is good. Rich and Handsome Furs, are so because they have the genuine quality that gives them good appearance. Add to this sound character the rarer traits of Style and Smartness, with Comfort and Durability and you have the synopsis of Fairweather fur superiority. If you want really good furs, get them at

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COMFORTABLE, SANITARY, VENTILATED

Never Sags or gets lumpy. Always soft and beautiful.



Marshall Sanitary Mattresses

are always clean and healthy. The air-tight mattresses soon get smelly and cause headaches and that tired feeling in the morning. Don't be humbugged by your dealer telling you that he can sell you one just as good. We can prove that the Marshall Sanitary Mattress is the best and we will let you try it for 30 days free.

Sold direct or through all reliable dealers in Canada.

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The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Ltd.

261 KING ST. WEST

Chocolate Variety

Fruits, Walnuts, Almonds, Caramels, Nougatines and many different flavored Creams make up the

99 Kinds of CHOCOLATES

The chocolate coating is made of finest blended chocolate. Most attractive boxes are used. Ask your confectioner for G. B. Chocolates. You can make your own selection.

GANONG BROS. LIMITED, St. Stephen, N.B.

5, Mrs. F. Wilkinson, a daughter.

Marriages.

BERTHON—McCARTHY—Toronto, November 6, Catharine Evelyn McCarthy to Augustus M. Berthon.
MacLEAN—PROCTOR—Toronto, November 6, Amy Proctor to J. R. MacLean, M.A.

Deaths.

BALL—Toronto, November 3, William A. Ball, M.D., aged 38 years.
DALY—Toronto, November 4, Harry A. Daly, aged 22 years.
GAULT—Toronto, November 3, Mrs. Sarah Gault, aged 79 years.
HASTINGS—Toronto, November 6, Mrs. Susannah Mitcheson Hastings, aged 96 years.
LESLIE—Toronto, November 5, Robert Gordon Leslie, aged 4 years.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)

The Leading Undertaker

359 Yonge St. Phone M. 679

W.H. STONE CO.

Undertakers

32 CARLTON ST. PHONE NORTH 3755

Phone North 4131

A. W. MILES

Mortician

396 College St. TORONTO (One block east of Bathurst)

Ladies' and Children's Accounts

—and accounts of Treasurers, Housekeepers and others are welcomed and accorded careful attention.

\$1.00 opens an account in our Savings Department, upon which highest current rate of interest is paid **4** times a year.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada

MAIN OFFICE: 28 King St. West. MARKET BRANCH: 168 King St. East.

DINEEN Fur-Lined Coats



This is the year of marvelous accomplishment in Furs. We never had before so many attractive styles, and everything we show is thoroughly genuine.

Here are the Furs that will be worn by the most sumptuously dressed women of Canada. Not to see the Dineen collection is to be eclipsed in elegance by those who do.

We make a special feature of Fur-Lined Coats for both ladies and gentlemen, and carry a wide range of handsome garments ready for immediate use.

Railroad-fare refunded to out-of-town customers during November. Ask for particulars.

Dineen's

Canada's Leading Furriers

140 Yonge Street,

TORONTO

SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL

Great progress is daily being made in connection with His Excellency's Musical and Theatrical Trophy Competition, and now that a decision has been reached in regard to what was rather a knotty point, namely the term "amateur," everything is in readiness to receive applications for entry for the contest. An "amateur," according to the decision of the Competition Committee, is one who has not for the past five years lived by the profession of music or the dramatic art; but neither musicians nor those taking part in plays who have accepted remuneration from time to time, such as those singing in church choirs, or musical organizations who accept pay for their services will be barred on account of such from entering the competition in Ottawa in January. The Lieutenant Governors of the nine different provinces of the Dominion have been requested to organize local committees and to appoint chairmen to deal with the matter in the various provinces, and the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario has very judiciously chosen Mr. A. Maclean Macdonald, barrister, of Toronto, well known as a successful amateur actor, as chairman for his Province.

Now that the colder weather makes indoor entertainments more acceptable many hostesses in the Capital are again turning their attention to the always popular bridge party, and teas have again become a necessary part of the daily round. Dinners and luncheons have also had a fair share of attention during the past week.

Mrs. Jack Carling of London, Ont., was the honored guest of a small bridge party at which Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar entertained on Monday evening, her guests including Col. and Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall and Mr. Leslie Macoun. Mrs. Carling left at the beginning of this week for Montreal, where she will remain for a short visit to her father, Mr. Justice Taschereau. Mrs. Gorrell was another bridge hostess who entertained on Thursday afternoon at a party of four tables, the prize winner being Mrs. Hugh Lewis. Later in the afternoon several additional guests dropped in to join in a cup of tea.

One of the merriest groups that has assembled this season met at Miss May Loucks' on Tuesday at the tea hour to enjoy the "cup that cheers" and also to meet Miss Mattice, late of Montreal, who with her father, Col. Mattice has come to Ottawa to reside, being now settled in their new home in Laurier Avenue West. All the bright younger girls who generally meet on these occasions were present and Miss Mabel Girouard did the honors of the tea-table which was prettily "done" with white carnations and ferns. Miss Loucks looked very charming in a gown of white crepe de chine. The same bright group of young people met again on Thursday afternoon when Mrs. Travers Lewis gave a large tea for her daughter Miss Norah Lewis, who is one of Ottawa's prettiest girls, and who looked extremely sweet in a very becoming gown of pale blue. The tea-table, prettily arranged with red roses and carnations, was looked after by Miss Ruth Sherwood and Miss Dorothy Fletcher, while a quartette of charming girls—Miss Dorothy White, Miss Clara Oliver, Miss Dorothy Cotton, and Miss Maud Borbridge—handled the ices, etc.

A rather unique and very enjoyable dinner was given on Halloween by Mr. and Mrs. George Bryson for Miss Kittson of Hamilton who is at present paying Miss Florence Whiteaves a visit. The house on the occasion was lighted throughout with Jack-o'-lanterns with candles and the dinner table also was emblematically arranged with several small lanterns among crimson tulle and roses, and each guest was the recipient of a pretty little favour, Miss Kittson's being a gold "lucky" bean set with a pearl. Each guest's cover was lighted with a miniature lantern, apples having been skillfully hollowed out for this and having a candle placed in the centre of each. Besides the "guest d'honneur" those present were Miss Beatrice Lindsay, Miss Florence Whiteaves, Miss Helen Coutlee, Mr. Hammett Hill, Mr. Russell Blackburn, Mr. D'Arcy McGee and Mr. McLaren.

The smartest event of the week was a most charming dinner at which Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams entertained at Rideau Cottage on Thursday in special honor of Viscount and Lady Howick, when the guests invited to meet them were Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Col. and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassils, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier and Mr. Hugh Fleming.

Miss Rita Pinhey was a youthful hostess who entertained at two most successfully arranged luncheons last week, one on Thursday and the second on Friday when on both occasions the table was exquisitely decorated with crimson roses, in the centre of the table being a huge bunch to which were attached numerous crimson ribbons, one of which led to each cover and at the conclusion

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

EASTERN AND ORIENTAL RUGS

AT 20 PER CENT. OFF

Our Special Oriental Rug Sale is decidedly a success, we are selling numbers of them every day. We can give you them in all sizes and at such low prices that it will pay everyone to come in and see our collection. Remember all this month

20 PER CENT. OFF MARKED PRICES

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited, 17th St. East, Toronto



THE above shows the main entrance to the United Arts & Crafts suite of Studios, said to be the most artistic and complete suite of Commercial Studios in America.

A society of expert decorators and furnishers.

Studios: 91-93 West King Street

WRITE FOR MONTHLY BOOKLET ON OUR SYSTEM OF DECORATING SENT TO ANY ADDRESS WITHOUT CHARGE

of the dainty little repast, each guest on gently pulling her ribbon received a generous bouquet of the pretty roses. On Thursday the guests were Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Ruth Sherwood, Miss Marjorie Powell, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Dorothy White, and Miss Gladys Irwin, while those on Friday included Miss Mary Davies, Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Lillian Taylor of Kingston, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Birkett, Miss Maud Borbridge, Miss Lillian Ahearn, Miss Nahni Power and Miss Edith Clemow.

The May Court Club had its initial meeting of this season on Thursday afternoon, at which there was a very large attendance of the members and the various officers for the ensuing year were appointed. Miss Flossie Fielding, who had recently been elected as May Queen for this season, having found it necessary to resign, Lady Sybil Grey was unanimously chosen to replace her and Miss Alice Fitzpatrick and Miss Flossie Fielding were appointed councillors to the May Queen. After the business portion of the meeting was concluded, Mrs. and Miss Fielding entertained at tea in the Club Rooms, the floral

decorations of yellow and white mums being much admired. Great interest in the details of the various projects put forward for the year's work was manifested by all present and much good among charities etc. will doubtless, as formerly, be the outcome of the work of this energetic club.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Nov. 5th, 1906.

The collection of water colors, by G. Bruenich, A.R.C.A., on view at the Art Rooms of W. A. Murray & Co., King street east, is creating considerable interest, and a large number have taken advantage of the opportunity to inspect the collection. The exhibition will close Thursday evening, the 15th inst.

Yes, No.—What?

In the gallery of the House of Representatives one afternoon last winter two visitors from a Western State fell to talking of their newly elected Representative.

"I ain't been here but a day," said one of the visitors, "so I ain't had a chance to hear the old man make a speech. Great Scott! How he used

to go after them trusts when he was making his run for the House! Been giving it to 'em pretty lively, I reckon, since he come to the House."

"Well," was the doubtful reply of the other Missourian, "I don't know so much about that. It appears to me that he's kinder short like in his speeches. I've been hangin' round for five or six days, an' I ain't heard him say much."

"If he does speak, you may be sure it was to the point," confidently added the first visitor.

"I reckon you're right there," said the other. "His speeches is brief, all right. I've heard him five times. Three times he says 'aye' and twice he says 'no.'—Harper's Weekly.

At Restaurant.

Wife (severely, to husband)—My dear, you have had enough wine now. Husband—You're right, my dear, always right. Here, waiter, bring me some whiskey!—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

"You want to make us believe you were born at four o'clock in the morning! Bosh! You never got up before nine."—Translated from Le Souverain.



Imitators

WHEN every store is selling a so-called "Shoe for Women" it does not mean that they have a demand for such a shoe from their customers.

It means simply that they realize the enormous success of the "Queen Quality" shoe and want to imitate that shoe and secure some of this trade.

But they cannot imitate it!

And if they could, do you want an imitation when you can have the original at no greater expense? It is a fact that most of the style of shoes sold in the stores originate on "Queen Quality."

Remember that no imitation is ever as good as the original! "Queen Quality" will continue to hold its patronage. A choice from a few styles is not to be compared to the "Queen Quality" plan, which gives you a shoe for every possible requirement.

\$3.75 and \$4.50

SOLE RIGHT OF SALE

SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
THE ROBERT

Where Economy Speaks A Word for Art

Here's a problem for the house-furnisher. Why does anyone spend \$100 or \$200 for a carpet which will keep its good looks for six or seven years, and then is thrown away, when for the same price can be purchased a far more beautiful hand-woven

ORIENTAL RUG

large enough for the same room. In the East these rugs last for generations, and their scarcity is not because they wear out, but because they are so quickly bought up, all over the world. With ordinary care, in a Canadian home, such a rug would last **fifty years**, and at the end look better than at the beginning. It is **economy** to buy and a **pleasure** to own Oriental Rugs.

We find our weekly specials are interesting a great many new customers. For this week we offer another selection as follows:

- 1 Fine Turkish Carpet, rich blue ground, all-over pattern, size 18 x 12, worth \$275.00, very special \$155.00
- 1 Fine Gorovan, suitable for Drawing Room 13 x 10, worth \$265.00, special . . . \$175.00
- 1 Gulistan, green and old rose, 14.3 x 9.8, good value at \$175.00, special at . . \$120.00

Visitors are always welcome at our showrooms. We have many interesting pieces of Brassware, Old Arms, and Tapestry.



Courian, Babayan & Co.

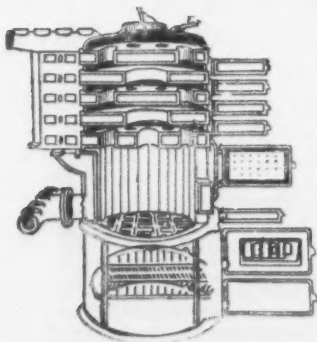
Importers and Retailers of Oriental Goods

40-44 King Street East, Toronto.

Simplified Heating

If you know how the Water-Front in a Kitchen Stove "Works" you understand the Idea of the

Sovereign Hot Water Boiler



The term "hot water boiler" appears to suggest to some people the idea of a complicated engineering apparatus.

One short look into the principles and construction of the "Sovereign" boiler will show that it, at least, is as simple as the water front on a kitchen stove.

Simplified heating by "Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers and "Sovereign" Radiators. The "Sovereign" is the popular house warmer of to-day.

The Taylor-Forbes Co., Limited
GUELPH TORONTO MONTREAL

The Investor.

Concluded from page 5.

Sao Paulo would increase its dividend, as profits this year are likely to be over 14 per cent. The stock of the General Electric Company shows some improvement, and its friends are now predicting better things for it. A large block of stock, which had been hanging over the market, is said to have found a permanent abode, and a better market in consequence seems to be anticipated. Toronto Electric Light reached a higher point this week than for many a day, the buying being actuated by a prospect of increased dividends, which will come as a result of greater earnings at a smaller cost of power. The Traction were quiet and steady, while Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal are slightly lower, owing to rumors that the latter company wishes to free itself from the former. The agreement between these two companies was for 999 years, with the privilege of readjusting every five years.

Mining Speculation.

There is a growing activity in mining share speculation here, as well as in other cities. This movement, which is carried on on the curb, no doubt detracts from the general business on the Exchange. But some of the best properties will be listed before long. The Nipissing Mines Co. was this week put on the official list of the Toronto Stock Exchange. Owing to the recent rapid advance in the price of this stock, it has the past week been extremely dull. The active issues were Silver Queen, Foster and Tretheway, all of which participated in an advance. The sensational rises in some of the more prominent mining shares naturally tend to stimulate interest in other ventures of the same kind. On the curb in New York there has been unusual activity in Cobalt stocks, with dealings fairly rivaling the volume of business on the regular exchange.

Earnings.

The earnings of Toronto Railway will go over the three-million-dollar mark this year if the business of the company continues to show the same relative proportion of increase for the next two months. For the past ten months the gross earnings were \$2,540,000, which is an increase of \$288,863, as compared with the like period of last year. The traffic returns, of the Canadian Pacific are greater than ever. The increase for the last ten days of October were \$528,000, and for the month they increased \$1,215,000. For the four months of the year gross earnings were \$24,998,000, an increase of \$5,213,000 as compared with the four months of last year. In the matter of net earnings this Canadian system still heads the list of railways on this continent as far as increases in traffic over the previous year are concerned. For the month of September net earnings were \$2,437,931, which is an increase of \$661,921, and for three months they were \$7,272,322, an increase of \$2,066,888.

New Bills Hard to Count.

"Do you mind taking new bills?" inquired the paying teller. "Do I mind new bills? Certainly not. In fact I prefer them." "Everybody doesn't care for new greenbacks," said the bank cashier. Then he added: "It is a common idea that bank tellers do not care to give up crisp paper money. As a matter of fact, nine cashiers out of every ten try to get rid of new money as quickly as possible after receiving it. There is grave danger to the average paying teller in handling unused money. 'New bank notes stick together. Frequently the ink is not thoroughly dry. During our rush period we handle a great deal of money. It is the easiest thing in the world to make mistakes with new bills when in a hurry to relieve a long line of waiting patrons. When possible we give out the new bills during hours when there is no rush. I'd rather pay out a million old bills than a hundred new ones."

"These bills are new enough, that's sure. But I seem to be a twenty short. I'll count them over to make sure. No they are all here. Two were stuck together." "That's just it," laughed the cashier. "One cannot be too careful in handling them. I count old bills over twice. I have to count a pile of new bills a half a dozen times."

An Ingenious Foot-Pad.

Harry Bulger, the bright particular star of "The Man From Now," the new musical fantasy which is now delighting the light opera lovers in the West, tells a story of an unusual experience in Chicago the other night.

It seems that Bulger was taking a walk after the show to get the theater air out of his lungs, when he was accosted by a stranger, who handed him a piece of paper and said:

"Would you be kind enough to read me the writing on this paper?" "Bulger consented, and moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch, chain and purse, and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, he handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps brought him to a policeman, and the pair made a dash for the stranger, who



Manuel Garcia Alonso

IMPORTED HAVANA CIGARS

In our new Humidore we stock the famous MANUEL GARCIA imported Havana Cigar. All sizes from the small *Señoritas* at \$4.50 per box of fifty to the large Bismark size \$10.00 per box of twenty-five. All Cigars kept in perfect condition.

A. CLUBB & SONS, "Direct Importers"

5 King St. West.



CRAVEN SMOKING MIXTURE

INVENTED BY THE 3RD EARL OF CRAVEN IN 1867.

Dr. J. M. Barrie says:—"What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

An Ideal Pipe Tobacco Manufactured in England.



UNDERWOOD

Once more the Underwood has proved its absolute supremacy. At New York last week Miss Rose L. Fritz, the Underwood expert, again won the Championship of the World in the severest test of speed and excellence of mechanical construction to which a typewriter has ever been subjected.

She wrote at the rate of 85 words a minute for one hour, distancing her nearest competitor by more than 1,100 words. This marvellous record has never been approached on any other machine. The Underwood secured not only first place, but also second and third, and it should be noted that the Underwood was the only make of typewriter which came through the contest without a break-down.

We have full particulars of the contest, as well as interesting Underwood Literature, which we shall be pleased to supply on request.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

Adelaide Street East
TORONTO

SPARKLING BETHESDA

Carbonated with Liquid Carbonic Acid Gas, and has that pungent taste which has given it its world-wide reputation.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TABLE WATER

Aids in digestion, blends with wines; removes uric acid produced by wines. At all Hotels, Bars and Drug Stores, in splits, pints and quarts.

Local Distributors, **LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited; MICHIE & CO.**

No better wines grace any table than those offered for your selection at Michie's—and there is a variety to suit all tastes.

MICHIE & CO., LIMITED
7 King St. West.

was not yet out of sight. On being captured, the footpad was made to disgorge his easily acquired booty and marched off to the station. The next morning in court he offered the following original defense:

"Your Honor," he said, "I am not an educated man and can neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper that looked important and took it to the first person I met and asked him to read it. The gentleman glanced at it and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse. He then walked off without giving me time to recover my surprise."

What Saved Him?

Miss Oppen—I will never marry you! Denkeisen—Oh, Heaven! I would blow my brains out if we were not in the midst of the busy season and I have so much to do!—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

Illusion.

Woman (expecting a call from her lover)—Oh, this waiting is something terrible! I can't stand it. (To maid.) Sophie, go outside and ring the bell three or four times, hard!—Translated from Meggendorfer Blätter.